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Aqua Q

A Wizard's Pocket

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Aqua Q

A WIZARD'S POCKET

aqua q labs

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AQUA Q

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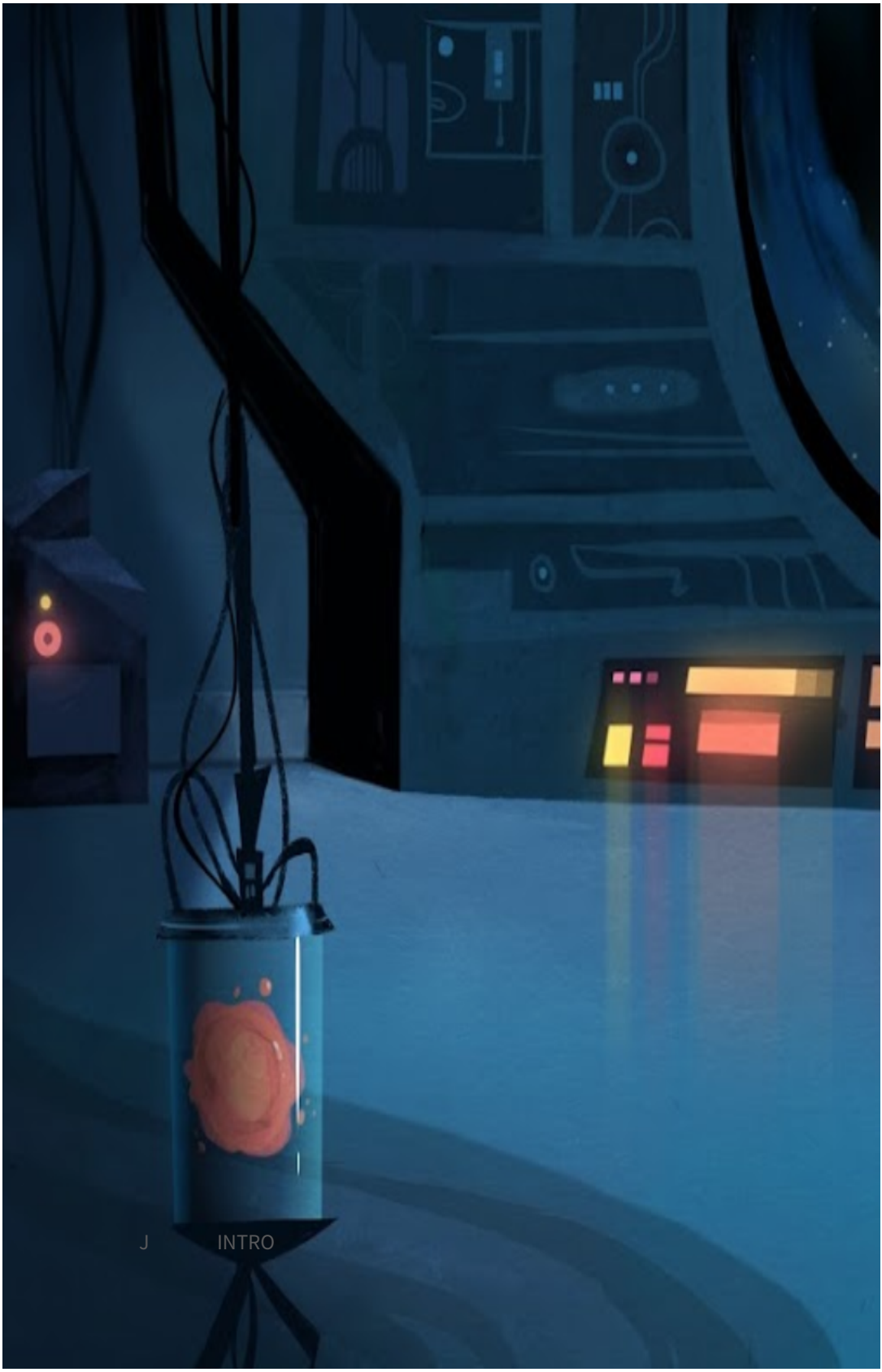
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INTRO

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FORWARD

IS IT TOO FORWARD WHEN I TOUCH YOU LIKE THIS? BY WRITING, THAT IS. IS IT FORWARD FULL FRONTAL, OR IS IT BACKWARDS THINKING, O0 JUST. WILL IT READ EITHER WAY, IN ZERO GRAVITY OR WILL IT WILL ITSELF RIGHT AND AWAY AGAIN AND FORSUIT, AND BACK FOR LESS AND MORE.

THESE NEUONIC QUESTIONS WILL BEAM YOUR PLACITY AROUND THE MUCKERY, AND WILL GOWITHIT AND BECOMAPARTOF, AS IN COME APART, APART WITH, AND MEANT, AS IN APARTMENT, SEE?

IN THE REGARDS TO THESE PAGES, THEY ARE, PAGED FROM A PASSING MIND IN THE MIDDLE OF A SUN DROP O0 BOT. AND.. THAT IS HOW WE SPEAK NOW. ENJOY THE JOYCITIES OF ACRO NAUGHT BOT CITIFIED CRINKLE AND SIT AND HAVE A SMATTER MATTER BEE JUICE FROND BOG.

OH, GO ON. . .
--- AQUA Q / C3W

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• • •

PROLOGUE

CHATTERING DEEP INTO THE LIGHT BRIGHT WEBBINGS OF PATTERED FEET IS THIS PODCAST. BROUGHT TO YOU ON THE ANCHOR DOT F M PLATFORM FROM THE LABS OF AQUA Q, ANCHOR DOT F M IS AVAILABLE FOR IOS AND ANDROID, BRINGS A FREE AND CLEAR INTERFACE FOR YOUR PODCAST CREATOR GENIUS, WITH ROYALTY FREE MUSIC, AND SOUND EFFECTS THAT MAKE YOU SOUND FROM THE RADIOPHONIC WORKSHOP, WITH SEGMENTS FOR YOU TO ADVERTISE YOURSELF AN THE CASH MONEY YOU SO DESERVE. AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE PODCASTS ARE FREE. JUST DO. THE Q.

...

META

Happi

When you're done being angry, but nobody is left to love or hold. that is the end, in this place. a place. placed.

when captured, as you are, you're right to resent, and toil for escape. but mind the sticky buns, the prison is made up of prisoners, and the guards are not at all happy they will be quick to thwart you, given their own angst for perfection, which they cannot achieve from their station.

or perhaps they are happy, or maybe happiness doesn't appeal to them.

when the mind is shared, it is done by locale/time, and these thoughts define yourself and your peers. make it right from the start.

I find myself busy asking internal questions; questions which are fought against, for internals have no time to answer or ponder or wish for a solution to this problem

z

which is not theirs.

so I fumble, move on, throw away, or even re-edify the work.

points to make:

> that is a point

> circles are nice

> lines mean death, if you stand and follow one long enough.

my butt burns while others laugh and ... hmm what else do they do besides laugh, they offer a bad deal that turns on a bad dime. the kind of dime they either dropped or stole to get here. perhaps they gave it away, like I did. convinced the end was today, just like it maybe still is. the continuation of a problem not solved, with solutions that neither fit a situation, nor provide an adequate future, and there is something else.. no time to decide, and all the time to act. its a funny world. funny like the ha, oh, gee, what? kind of funny.

so fingers move and all of this means nothing. oh does it? well never mind then.

. . .

the preceding was written by aqua Q labs plus honey sweetened milk thistle with lmnop, q r s t u v, w x, y nite, and performed by the singing trees of guaranatang

mystical misfits in the 7th octave.

join us next week, with user queries to the invited question, what color is your navel, and can you place an orange? well. if you have something better, you can message us at anchor dot f m slash aquaqlabs and we will put you into the virtual air, as they say. as we say, when we're together. that's all for now.

c3w san francisco

...

META

Equate

Equate the union of sensorical and it just is. not me, or you, or even that combination in perpetuity, but temporary haps and mishaps from your feet up to your head and above, there is only one content, which is for you to figure. they say the pen is mightier, because it just might. and the sword is nowhere, with its mirror finished off in the medieval, lest as a vestige, a letter opener.

now verse, because although the aforementioned pen is now a sequence of keys, which are in turn dots on a

z

screen, the metre is the measure of what can be said in a small amount of space.

then there is a room with walls and doors, yay lest the drotter bilf the west throg nightingale throllet, hail. and such is non sensical to say otherwise, and lo, the highs from the medium simmered like a database of tables and chairs.

stress toys relieve themselves on the desks of executives for their perverse pleasure of accounts. so now we know. there is no ordinary reality, except the mask to forgive oneself through others, and vices and verses, in between, for the protection of self, and thus communities.

its a nice thought, makes absolutely no single point sense, as should it not, as the eyes shift for questions, answers will come in and seem random and thus the question is rando, as well, tho. so do write, and plot one more graph. let's be current for 2 point 5 seconds. the speed of a 0 to 60 with acceleration based on what? desire to reach that light, at the end of the tunnel, virtually the tunnel grows around the light, or is there a point at all..

notting ham while I pick at my ear for a brief second, yomp. so this is the tunnel. I'd wish to say one thing more, and more, or less, to finish a statement, that started out of nothing, or nothing tangible, and that

is perhaps when people speak of objects. to distract themselves from being human. whilst not paying for attention, and that is the play, from this pen. aqua q

. . .

META

Origins

Patter n'd after fact, traveled fiction to work, days through morning in air. next up ground travel or signal gesturing, east to west, north to south, or the origins of man to which you subscribe, are prescribed, describe, or just scribe, perhaps imbibe.

of all the stories told, they are told by your fellows, as just as that is, tho nearer with that comes nearer time falter, for the selection to be made. and so our courts are laid up to a federal, which was supposed to be the land, taken perhaps, or laid down to eventually be just that, taken again. in sight as we can see, movement with love is not a hard choice, or is it. our feds protect us to keep us where? in a land of taxation and security from the insecurity of living. are we alive? in that our brains and our cars work, most of the time, and that we believe our facts and our morning bacon, just like that, who would argue?

a poorer pig perhaps - slaughtered in the earlier morning and packed up in a freight to the suburbs, where, write send, cold meats for the pleasure of small children, raised not to know
the salt mines that their heart creates, boom. and one will be a doctor, again, and the other a lawyer, to justify us once more - just as misses, M sings that song, about the boxes, small
as they are, and ticky tacky, taffy candy, now in 30 flavours.

mad as this sounds, its no madder than a mad cow who's been let off the chop because of his health, but I digress from farm animals, housed now in a place nobody goes to visit.

and so.

the rest of this morning's programming will be a recitation of the alphabet, for as simple a structure, it does have a song, as I'm sure you will hum to yourself, and if you weep you may have a slight disorder, but there is no medication available, well, a simple salt, but that's it for the likes of like and parrys of love, or other nonsense.

a b c d e f g, h i j k, lmnop, q r s t u v, w x, y & z. next time.

write quit.

...
META

The Egg

Chicken and egg simultaneous gestalt breakfast. goo fang muck. chill is in the pill tonight, fresh fodder for blotter dodder nonsense on the fools hill gerund, ing. uh oh cere-o its a flight path just west side of sequence J. level up, see thee. reach into a small circular beat and pick daisies. push. oh no not again, said azgarth, the fly. or was it a rabbit as the bag of fore prefect in a cave at the beginning, perhaps.

nonsense, said the spider, I can talk and that's MY web. jaw diddle sent a cheeky message didn't he toe the line. it bowed l and curled one two three.

step back, sit up, and drop in a who.

train. pointer.

why are we writing you today? well to tell you about our hands, eyes, voice, and ears. yay what time is it and does it matter? do things happen in time or path sequence? more questions and few answers but exploration. what are we missing? do we have even time to type this letter? does the chatter matter, and

if not mine, then not yours? odd that.

so the sequence loads. we are in anticipation because we didn't act on an expectation. the epectation may have been mine or ours or yours or all together now. and now it may be a memory, slightly odd shaped and prickly, and roar shacking it up with a bit of laughter is that damned butterfly. the ink blotter one, you know it well, its also a vase and 2 people. and so that goes again.

what part of the emotion wheel are we in, perhaps tertiary now, with primary colors faded with tide detergent into a camo yuck lentil soup color, after the war has gone, rifled poised to go nowhere to the bay-o-net. catch a fish naught.

and the egg is still here, still first, still breakfast, and the chicken is running around, trying to cross a road for god knows only why, to be somewhere else, or to get to the chop shop for some fish and chips. they would too.. passing the upward turned turkey in a glass of rain.

and the farmer laughs and sings what a wonderful world.

until next time, its the Q

...

META

Reason

Just like the alcoholic, whose pending impending loom comes to time, that is the time when he drinks, and is actually represented by expectation, e. its funny, because e is also recursive, if heard and not cancelled, or clearly de-replicated with speech. consider your mother, telling you to clean your room every day. soon enough you clean it without being told. or another scenario, you mention that you like bananas, and henceforth are reminded time and time again that you like bananas.. well... you may like them or you may no want one when people assume you do. or further, perhaps you do want one, if there is a ritual of people yelling snacks down a corridor. and so you become accustomed to treats and forget about cleaning your room. then choices are presented, matter of fact, which one must also live around, that is to saw around a fact something new, related, or otherwise create a better environment of want. and while you're doing that, you may notice that your mind wanders, and there is an assumption because of the way you move your eye, that is actually merely a response to sound, and in no way represents.. well.. the proper body responses may not be representative of a logically sound mind, that is to say, sound as a jest to audible waveforms on

a representation of a body in space -- the actual body, as well as the astral body that covers a similar space. of course when obfuscation is used, and abused, and becomes a norm, or is over observed, as in a ‘hey wow that’s clever’ while not actually reacting to it.. well then.. one is just a lump of coal, or carbon, and not a spearheaded diamond as I heard on the street one day recently.

so anyway. its unusual to be usual about an unsettling causal nature-y thing.. that is matter and space an such. and if you can feel it. well then its real, as in bill McNeal’s deal. he’s dead, but that’s the news, radio -- what I’m trying to say is, negatives are regressives that will destroy matter and energy in a vacuum burst of un-bubbly snew, and well... you don’t want that.

be kind. rewind.

...

META

Ultimate

The ultimate everything, its climate of time-ate, a powder for your drink. results are ‘sults again, insouls are feet on plexus. nexus, follow me up. all right. tang

said the trolly to mars, where we plant the potatoes and respawn spuds. can you strawberry patch us in to the switched bored? exchange pages
for the cross, barred from whole water, or was it the 1 percent. o. is for observation, to appear normal and take the hit, or shall we carry ourselves on up and be ing-ing-ly. some stuff is better than just cheddar, and wages for ages, rages the pages of historical dee-bots, snot on the finger, handy. you can choose your friends, just don't wipe them under the couch. what's in a name, claim, domain, dot rain, when the sun comes up, tomorrow, as in the fool on the hill. like jack and jill.. or .was it adam and eve.. no they were young. beep. reap the paper ream, beam, light it up like a firecracker, bang it like new years eve, in 1999, when the why was 2000 just for a night of project darkness to the gas pumps.

random acts come from slash dev as poetry for the monkeys to transcribe, or so cigars mean they split up and match lighters with a glass of Portus head. hmmmmm..

spacious grace is a cathedral in our loved city, where De Magio hit his homer, and hard drives driver memories, like golf, or a SCSI data bit. on route, filesystem.

code begin. in decode. untar, rar, arj X text, stop, sign, 6 sided, four who, owl howl, awl, leather tongued video, a shop down the road, and long distance

telephone calls from the past. gassed. with nitrous and a laugh haha says someone or other. probably other.

to multitask is to fail. like a pale of water under a celing light of cracked stucco, in heat. where do you look?

...

META

Welcome to Space

Static chairs of electric; grounded through the radio space us, humans, share. gaseous wit, forethought from the backend, knot, and surfed like an internet of oohs.

funny, and aired, from the broadcast.

now the beat starts, to wobble, warble again. fixture'd and fixed like a game, or was it a slight repair in the now autumn skies.

our hearts, mass, return electrically, from the skies to earth, from that last night and an expectation of another, o0. its these days as nights grow longer that hearths that feeling of . . . . well.. a past just passed,

or around the corner some more for another look, or a step over, mind the cracks.

the stem which is our glass to peer over and drink is also where we plant our feet, as it flows as to reticulate, never a leaf to waste, just feed the earth which feeds us.
its in these moments, to real-ease-ify and re-economize those bits we do have, and hold, which by the way, I hadn't have known before long ago, is the literal all-the-time way to keep a pack of rabbits safe in the harboring of thought and forthwittingness which is our heavenly connection. astrally, we may, as choice, stray, or stroll, for a-stral, is even, and odd, that. glib.

chip away, as we might, like a slice of potato with a bit of factory cheese, be a maze, and get out, hah hah.

I find, things sometimes never, and rarely always, but in those endeavors, there is something, or things, at all times, and these are those times for that, why and how are up to us.

blood pushes sparky thought aside, as it rushes past naught all, to get to that bit of random muck in our stomach, and pass by it does. the quickest way not to eat is fast.

so volume of sound it also a tenant is our brains and an interference in the teeth chatter which makes a sound

into the inner sanctity of ear, for another.

so where in this time is, actual love. if it must exist, is it musty, or does that light have some things to say about it --

characters fly bidirectionally, as text, texture, excited by a tune, in-tune, in step, in the what age, wattage, power flour doughy space muck googot your back, ooze.

watt matters, as energy to matter and back to energy thrice more from nothing, as it was created once, from the beginning, at a time, quite singularly for the plural purpose of being. see, it doesn't make a sound when its true. not during, anyway . .

so quite quietly, we press on, fidget digits, of its and figs for leaves, dig it?

pairing our pears up, with a punch get got spiky mash of what was poured into the bowl at a school party, without a sense.

in this day and age, it is precisely afternoon on a strong day for the week, and juxtaposed for that, is an alignment of carbon atoms, or were they Freds or Nicholsons, perhaps they were Perry's or Sandra marker blotter frond dotters.

in anyness, that wraps up the current interest in staying

current, with a bit of warm whether or not to have the animatronics move just a bit more, for your listening pleasure.

. . .

peace plus love from the isle of in and a bout a smallish pad of fluff on the seaboard side of a very squarely flowy city sided dicey oo pot frolic gastro-spasmotic gesturing bits of san francisco -- aqua q

. . .

META

Push Pull

Push pull the events of want bubble up every unclosed event as a box of goodies on an armoire. steps up to mention. so how to unwant or non want in the meantime, as electrons fly through air and heir. how can an instantaneous want be satisfied to the degree that is possible in physical terms, well enough to perhaps even fool your own body, or even better, to actually prove to your body that things are satisfied. well we need people. those bits of people to satisfy the bits in the meantime of other satisfied bits. a whole byte satisfaction, so to speak. byte sized or nibbled? neigh, perhaps we're not 2-bit machines, a quarter at a time, for half a game of pinball, unless we win a game.

and what happens in duality, around corners? with deals on wheels or the figuring of anything.

and so the music turns up parallel noise channels in a mean time e Q swift bliss wave formed like a planetoid, shaped like a pepperoni pizza, by means of pi and radons spewing luminous junk up a stream into the sky waters of the night.

and roar. szchack rears his head once more, the lion and tiger and bears in the room, and Dorothy without slippers, slipped up, etc.

the screen of talk and walkie goes on in lines and circles around and around, etc

and in the meantime, bottoms up, seats a fledgling anchor shifting to the room of bones and heat and expectation of the body know. deja vu etc.

Z Z top and the guitar riffs forward skyline to the west portal and uptown streets past bars and canneries, rowed rowed rowed your boat, and gently, nonsensical drifts into another one of those. gee.

wither dither, sun spot drop. the beats flown higher to the sea horse shorn of sun-dried apple cake or was it frosted blistered muck.

to eat is to be eaten, if drawn like a character of dots on the screen in ASCII or HEXed.

what is food, if not a delight for some and a cursed death filled creamy cupcake for others, with oozy un-goodness pushed out through poor pours as poison water and solid.

...

META

Haven

Charge, re, on guard, Ian says hell, o? I've seen you before. a play, four words, four rooms? the movie with madonna and a bath. sidetracked. its fit, it fits, like a pear under an autistic tree. the fronds leave and plants its.. plants. bark arf arf and make the madrone tea, see? state of memory, does it have a country, and its citizens. i heard somebody say, one time or another. history says hi, and offers a pizza for your life. gads, a new soda pop drop be bop.

so that was just an inkling, a life-form made of electric ink for the pleasure of sharing D C current and sitting on my lap. and so that goes. on and off, just a bit, at a time for more. non-sense, or at least 1%, milk. get it?

got it. good times on Mt Ridgemount high.

its may 28th and things are under, and over, but not by desire, yet only by choice. and lack of, as in spare, change. don't blame the rain, it came to wash the little spider, out, on his way - towards the poor age, again, by bo peep, and the like of the frock.

sadeness has an extra character, and that is an enigma, at least for the romans. M and M is 2000 and a bag of chocolate, plus some, a rabbit. in a stew, pot, or some miles of rail., wrapped, up on the stage of man to give a fuck, or not, as it is pressed to mechanicals.

and the whirl worlds and twirls turn like those little things that do the same, at the fairgrounded plot to land a cotton candy, or picky miss daisy by the water fountain. and lo, and roll a coaster or pop corn under a silver sliver of a screening of the that new movie by that director who also did so and so, and that and such of such and that.

haven is thus, and senses are not aware, even tho hands and eyes can see a piece of candy from a satellite image, it can yay, not pluck it from the sky above, but do upload to a locale to pick it up and do scoff and quaff a soda on the afternoon of cheetos or other similars for the oddities of our consumption.

..

the preceding was written by an anemone which a penchant for higher lifeforms, and is known to the State of California to alter its state through the fair wishes of motion and mandated pillaries.

peace with love from san francisco, this is, was, always can be, plus a bit more, and then some, aqua q labors of laboratories, and c 3 w

...

META

Ownership

What is ownership and why is it preferred or deferred? the options of ownership give and take freedom, space, and of course money. so we examine freedom. if you own a TV, you can watch it anytime. gives. but also. friends will want to watch it, take. but at least you have friends, give. and so forth. property takes space, but you can take it with you too, to a point. the burden of carrying everything on your back, or carrying it sometimes as needed when you move around, is calculable using statistics, but that's rather dry you and requires a fancy calculator, so we just look at transactions. you move a TV when you buy it, when you're flourishing with money and energy, when you

move, and maybe during spring cleaning. the energy you have goes into maintaining the stationary and mobility of the TV. likewise, if you have a portable TV, you're spending more time carrying it in a bag, but the convenience payoff means its always close to you when you want it. another trade is that, because of the nature of instant, you may multitask and forget what the hell you are. . . oh but anyway..

the 3rd side is money. money is the axiom which completes freedom and space and is the transactions and not just cash. as previously stated, energy itself is the transaction and so it always in trade with money.

so if you have zero money, you may have no or temporary ownership, and those freedoms may provide happiness for the duration of time you do own things, providing further freedom of mobility as you trade out, up, and towards.

but what is it towards. in the spectrum of owning one of everything, and absolutely nothing, there is certain stability in owning what you can hold on your person. in fact, mathematically this is questionable, because your mobility freedom means you're more likely to trade, but also your judgement in motion may not provide a stability of economy; however it may be just for your needs, if you have an expectation of cooperation going forward.

this sentence took 10 quantum tangos. a tango is a pair intertwined, like a tangle but it doesn't get stuck, and no more tears, as the shampoo claims. truth in advertising.

so back to motion. be still and perish. move around without cooperation and likewise, trade your ass off and get nowhere in your boxer briefs, or. stop for a second or three. and operate on what is most important to you at the moment.

rest, rinse, repeat. if you do it right, the system will be repeatable in very easy steps and the harmony will work itself out. if you muck it up, then its just a goo muck toffee slander slithering hither on the gerund of swimmingly, that midsummer evening, jest. and that's at least a farthing worth.

signed your morning joe

Now What

Comfort. where is it, how is it found, why do we need it, and how to maintain, or does it need to be?

comfort is, places to be and places to go, things to do, and, willingness of others to provide.

discomfort, as in disharmony, as in not just a melody, but melodious, and such also is an inability in time sensitiveness to get well - i.e. its noticed. not only by you, but by others, hence the one-in-the-same

inharmony. further on that, to describe it in now known as environment X. the. crossing of streams is weird and not desirable, aka the place time beings are displaced from their comfort, perhaps before they realize it themselves, and as it sinks in, they eventually wiggle and get stuck in a version of themselves portrayed as a reaction and while not true to desire, quite true although bent. so not true in that sense. and also lacking a sense sensory. a e i Oreo. the language is precise before you know it, or is it. a poem rhymes but did you force it, or was it read back to you with inflection, reflection?

so many questions. just do. and know. you can only do things that are near to you, so start there. I once said the eyes are in
front of your head, and that may be true, if you're head is facing forward. and your neck. tie. buy. wry. try. pry. guy, rye bread has those things in it.

chatter datter, dotter, mosher. the place to be is not in the shadows, unless you can leap tall buildings. and even that is questionable what with the lack of phone booths on the streets these days. go figure. it. man wears red underwear on the outside, he'd better be bulletproof. Spiderman has a whole underwear suit.. its as if he bought his own comic merch at the convention.

which reminds me. porn and comics. the two marry

each other at Comicon each year.. the girls take a whole isle of it and sign their pictures for you - its an odd display, as they're right there with their magazines and movies, and scratch and sniff stickers.. or so I would imagine.

so back to language. when you speak things in your mind, the words are jumbled into a telephone story, and down the line, static cling sticks like sticky imagery onto the smattering of shattered dirtied house windows. why conjure such an image? its flow and proof that we can. and not everything is fluffy, even if there is a little blue bear on the packaging. and do they have a mr clean before he lost his hair?

so all the codes, buy us what, but less time to do the same or less of whatever it is, or chances to do better at. oh where does the time go.

empathy is no good if its shot out like buck naked on the side felt show. its needed imagery is also muddied thusly on the return circuits in space time, that is to say a memory and a trigger will bring odd results to an even exchange, or vice versa, or perhaps that is AC DC and we forgot to tell you. in fact. if i expend energy and visualize whatever I want, it can piss a lot of people off or at least throw myself off and hence sidestep my own true non reaction to events. and that is the what in a gluant moron.

who speaks to others, but everybody to some, and what is overheard is not, but just in a stream, sideways but part of that time reality again. I find spelling reality difficult at least.. and best as its .. well it just is, and was, and will be a strange word to attempt to explain.

oh. so back to snacks.. it SEEMS that reminding people of foods they shouldn't eat is actually just a positive reaction to the sub-vocals of.. CHOMP. 3 licks.

back to calm, or the speed of. increase the friction, not a great idea at all if you don't know what you're stopping. but speed without direction is just as dangerous. simultaneously speed and direction that is not understood is like.. well its like eyes darting in around and about asking questions to write just a bit of goo muck for you here. or is there focus. sometimes; however the coordination comes in concert with the willingness of others to prop and listen and what to not expect from.. well get a large enough group of people and a few dogs in a park, and you may see the harmony.

peace for now. or pieces of creamery. which should be. or is it we don't know. or do we. neigh we don't. but we wish. etc.

Aqua Q

. . .
META

Mister Marbles

Where do you keep your marbles? not loose I hope; for while its easy
to lose loose marbles, its painful to lose a whole jar of them, as they roll down the driveway and into the gutter, picked up and traded for candy. the life of a. so perhaps its not as bad to lose them. if you can find just one again. to dive down, across, over, and pick them up again. and perhaps you didn't need them all in the first place -

so back to these marbles, as we are, getting back. shiny things.

so what else have you lost besides that jar of marbles? more of a life that was led, or saved, or been saved.. and again, it was. is. would you track it down? its somewhere. what a life it may be living now, without but for you, as the in-animates jump to animate, a thrust, while perhaps not on your behalf, is justly yours in spirit and so.. you can find artifacts again, and yes the spaces have torn apart, and yourself, rippled and not all together known as what was suspected or more aptly conjured, believed, inspired to be, and all the

things. this and that.. will you get it again? do you need it.

Well its nice to have it, I once said I wouldn't lose it, as my predecessor, did, did again, and thus I did, knowing full well the use of a contraction of negatives, creates that reality. ding. it was precisely that assertion which created the gap in the spaces of reality for entropy to fill in, like a pothole without neither a nice bag of pot, or an adequate hole,
if even in a wall, wink wink nudge nudge. and the politeness. in which we pretend to act on the belief of what we are doing is wanted by the other party.

facts on politeness, i m x, is that they are predisposed of doing the right thing, when in facts, the reality has not been written, and being bit by politeness is worse, as it repeats onto yourself, and a good nature, which is not sincere and thus not maintainable for the happiness of anybody. corrective or sidestep-y-ness is required, and suggestions of the creator-y ness nature and creating newness in all aspects would be.. hey don't nod off.

ok then. the hors d'oeuvres will be served at 5 for those who still eat around here, and the rest of us will begin counting our chickens, be four, and three is approximately a number which is odd, or company, as in the sit com. dammit janet, oh wait that's somebody else.

as noise increases, the distraction of self materializes for you to realize, that which is not, nor never was just you -- the noise on the outside is you on the inside, and vice verse. reality being created even by your base bone reactions to stimulus. the core. yes that apple again. that and a fig newton, eh?

even then the pause, pauses, and the lift is left, or was it right to begin with.
well somebody's got to ask for directions. like a tri tip sandwich? hah hah very funny paths like poly morphisms, tween as in 3D reality glasses, red and blue, in the theatre which lincoln didn't go to. in that continental, breakfast.

oh here's a bit, or 8 bits, of sound, altered, radio radar alters course. which sounds will get through in waves? look to the dipole and imediance matching, that's speed and power - traveling, eminating that wave, hello!

think fast, fast again, so fast its the same speed, non accelerating and thus not heating, no friction but just bounce. a friendly warble where nothing can crash. the path expectation is continuous power, no time, carry it forward and leeway and choice, as in to taste.

so where did the time get to today? like the lost marbles, and that jacket, and even the expediting

oncoming food train showed us that things come back, if temporary, with a promise of permanence in impermanence and non ownership, and control in an uncontrollable no in a good way.

and even though we don't even have a jar, there is naught a point in holding a mess of air, as its all around us, literally, and figuratively.
so heres two three four five six seven eight nine ten eleven twelve. pinball.

aqua q san francisco with pieces of fluffy lovely goodities on an azimuth of sand and paper, without the grit. twenty twenty hindsight.

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META

Friends

Don't be mad. don't be fooled. rise to a challenge. keep at it. make mistakes and then don't keep doing that. there is no one solution. engineer it - create it.

at a nexus of combined people, where you see all of your friend in several surrounding people, you know you're in trouble - if they can't get to you in the storm.

just a memory. the beginning of purgatory.

to meet combativeness with stillness, is perhaps a strength we all emplo,y, all knowing that combat hurts all sides, until your friends can pull you out of it -- and unless you have a platoon, and are on your way out, we're all sticking to this life. and so we are, both parties uncomfortable at times, perhaps willing to help, perhaps not, but understanding of ourselves, our pain, and really, thus, our connective tissue pain. and by that, connected, I mean what binds us :

so how do we live in complete harmony? well that's silly.. I've seen it appear harmonious, but there is always something of the need, and that is ok.. it is understood that needs have to happen - its the wants that can be controlled, or at least satisfied with a greater need. i.e. convert want with Want and a need for another party. whatever is done, you will feel it.. and so will they; I know I keep saying this, but even the palms of your hands or toes are connected to the party .. it is how we feel ourselves and each other... which is something being 'hot' exhibits to oneself, and the rest.. even though to me it sounds like a one sided argument against me. I'm probably being too loud.

the amount at one can alter perception, through subvocalization, for those that are listening and willing to spout it out loud, is incredible. its how people know what's going on, even if, they don't directly, its still in

the ether of conscious state.

<resting period> arms are known

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META

Cycloton

speed of eyes to toes, underground pully, pushups. drift. plant supplant, keep the water in the ground, 11 feet divine. miss. universed to speak volumes, data driven boogie buggy super flyway sky range within metre iambic. wants vibrate and pull from the past through the jaws of lake speech. roar. grittle. speed of eyes to toes, underground pully, pushups. drift. plant supplant, keep the water in the ground, 11 feet divine. miss. universed to speak volumes, data driven boogie buggy super flyway sky range within metre iambic. wants vibrate and pull from the past through the jaws of lake speech. roar. grittle.

call me maybe. cyclotron.

complete your search, message us at anchor dot f m slash aqua q labs slash message.. call me maybe.

cyclotron.

and that was aqua q. do come and complete your search, message us at anchor dot f m slash aqua q labs slash message and have a rock star day.

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META

a Molient Life

Criminal as a way of living, justly defined as the voluntary perloinment of goods and services to serve as a means of molient or transport. whether denied is up to the listener, and listen as we do, we notice that the multitasker gets tasked to him, as opposed to an ordinary reality, we find. this is noticable in the bodies and spaces relating towards what one expects and how one acts and thinks to move into the spaces required to exact a squaring off, if that is your preference. the subtlties of behavior denote action over time, expectation and an emotional response as opposed to a general love. as in over-excitement, to attempt to overturn a level of staticity, that is, static or flush, and elastic in motion or stretchy. like a band. toot.

these analysese bring about naught, as change occurs

in the spaces covering what has been said, thought, acted, and of course acted upon, taking precendance in thought, despite our desire to think through a problem. the facts are, there is no problem, there is only space and matter and us. so perhaps our solution is a preferred means to and end, that machiavelian guy, at mach one, or maybe its just where you sidle your eyes while you think of something clever.

in any regard, we do regard the clock. as in an hour, a day, and a whole, year. these times matter to us quite and quiet and literally, figuring figuratively where we need to be in space time on this planet, and around each other to make sensory sense of the workings of man. I say that loosely, of course it is man and woman and animals and trees and such.. however the workings in this case are man, women, and groups of such in similar yes different, sometimes oppostite, only opposing as emotion and in time series as analyzed, and. . . well here we are. air. heirs to the planet. and every expression we know has a quite literal meaning, hence in the hot seat, or plant your feet, or don't get your nose bent out of shape. stiff upper lip? well perhaps perhaps..

then there's this goat. as in the gerund, ing, and that drives us to the point where the missing part of the equation is satisfied, on or around the goat, or in deference or reference to said goat, and its ing.

and its lunch time. or there abouts. and its happening again. good times.

the voice was brought to you by aqua q and his quite quiet voluntary filanges and just a few moments of zendy displacement of goo.

peace and love from san francisco or its close approximation in spacial time, c 3 w

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META

The Eye of, Multiplied

A not altogether unveiling, as in a non-marriage in thinking, or spun up train with fresh flowers trailing behind, imagine that. so now know the bandwidth is linkages to connect to the portions which drew, the card up to the eye, is this yours? was it the queen, in diamonds? oh no, perhaps it was the king, with a heart, jesters aside, decked.

quiet pleased with the stride, if only even, oddly is enough, also in suit, see the connection, groomed?

delays do cost, the, a bit of, accosted, passed and

tense, if only, and a bit at a time, more over. but what's in a number, besides it and just, that.

we play with it, for the combination pizza up to a steamy lens which refracts that bit of eyeball that we all see, as we poke into our own brains to find a gaggle of spark or soupy ooze, depending how we treat it, right? left to its divisiveness, we flounder, like that on a plate at an expansive resting rant, yay, its served hot.

and so, and so more, and gluey ook finds itself, sticky, as in sin, apt, and ick. or was it delicious? well, done.

for a time, this is grand, the piano, keyed up white and black, right on top of each other, to ask the next question.. what was it? that's a silly question, no... the keys.. oh yes.. chords, unplugged, electric even too, except towards the octave, octane, gaslit solo, or the duality duet.

oddly a trio is not a jazz bad idea, on the balcony from soprano through to the baritone, voiced and covered by a drummer on a paper psychedelic. those were his daze.

instantaneous is always on, briefed debriefed, slight and numbered as the eye spy, village idiot naught.

. . .

and with that, we'll leave those bits of fluff in mid-air for you to pounce and nobble on, for the love of aqua, this is san francisco in the misty midst of ashy ooh and then the colorburst flyback televisioned telestatic telecaster mindset, Q C 3 W

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META

Re-Expect Ovation

The ex said, 'pected was desired in the past, yet again, is it just me? a plain desire to please, lease a spot light of time gravity whirly ooh and spray it on the walls, layered like chocolate cake to pass onto the surfs, surfing, not to eat, but to pay taxes. gack.

thoughts coupled with intent plus images define the shapeliness of the ionic placenta pea sized brain bits that warble the heart, and vice versa. it is precision which is physics, and a meta universe that secretly, as in quite quietly public to an unwatched, unnoticed, ignored, or quietly adored portion of a consciousness which is spelled correctly. ah. hah.

it will always be the feet which grip and move, like a station, stationary, as in to stay, stray, star gaze the

idgets to fidget, or go to market, and then brace up for the all the way home.

searching for nothing yields a question of will this be or does it fit into the space of everything kind of oddity which is common in writing to an unending portion of a cerebral contextual synaptic haptic feed from the back up and kind, ya know.

a pause is just, only to divert or fill annoyed or otherwise sidestep a difficulty in breathing for the warden who keeps the keys and jiggles a lock to the tiny room you're trying not to get stuck in, as in the den of bones which was in that story to scare addicts of the type which needed it just then.

and so we put on a bit, or eight in a row, to byte and mega-size the meal of music, oh that is, is simple to justify, and ice freely as in a glacier which settles atop a warm planet for just a spot, of rest in its expanse.

bass tones ring to wake our psyche not to think but to move, your astral, back up and rock and roll like a baby carriage returned to that spotless child, or feckled freckled naught, in either way, it was a writer typed, poetry on the selectric machinery in a room less traveled, imagined and put to paper yay. incredible, and not to be disturbed much, leaves as they prefer to be called.

and so we skip, as childhood has no literal continuity but a reassuring basis to believe we exist in a past space time, and of course we do - able to bring past into future even, oddly, but no reversing, unless you mean to be mean and rewrite a childhood, of which positioning of positives may upset another possible and thus unbalance a whirly bit or otherwise.. well you get the idea. . . free as in ion.

to say one thing and think another is our own little trick to multitask, essential and like and perfect is to say an exactly relatable think using trust in a dictionary which we wrote down in jest, to test the joker out as he was speaking to us, much like today.
commonality found us, as in the local where frocks hung near places to sit and just that - to list, and then, yes, listen. the carry on and on, with base stems of flowers, or glass, or a brain, no matter and all the time.

resolution finds lights, closer, brigher, conceived to use words to begin, full stop has angles and large letters, like the postal kind without the wait, foot stamped, a foil-ed imprint on a license to drive home and parklet your trees for a bit of air and grassery.

an escape velocity like a mach apple pie, is the Carlton, sounded with streams or jets and burble. is it salted?

so EMTs tap left and right into veins, as they do, and train on talk down, to an unwitting and semi unwilling

new entry, with what choice but to deliver an opposite via radio. override.
it was a curvy ride with faux back mirrors, where are we going? windy wound up, into a plain garage, parked diagonally with convincing not to bolt out, as I tried, as the doors closed.. and more to that, blue room, but not tonight, smiles.

we made it out, or in, or about, and while, and further, and played, and ate at the piano in the dark, so time it is again, as always, ya know how that goes, as its passed, and past, and gaseous wit is at us again - food for thought, eh? always a key for a lock, without vices, and verses to digress, digest, gesture split tried bi and twice, ‘twer it a longer day, we’d be short again, of night.

———

and in this episode, the louder character was typed black keys with white text, at an angle of star which indicates a chart of permanence, astrally speaking, in a hypo-thesis of once more, and oohs, just over there, and a bit more, yes, that’s it settle naught and tease a paddle boat not to sink near the arcade without power on a pocket full of change.

until next time -- imagine with images -- from wherever you are, as here you hear the voice of aqua q on the light bright pegboard over punched paper, just for tonight. and san francisco.

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META

Cameras

goo muck back again with camera plus. the lenses which are viewed and connected through are para-laxi-daisy-ical in terms of any being a wormhole to another point, but viewed from the outside all points are visible, as the loupe view.

they spit out words as fast I can think them, and perhaps the writing is a mistake, but you must know, you must, from far away without matter, but there is matter. so this is entertainment? yay be sure and subscribe - souls are at risk on a bored gamed up Candyland in the pieces of puzzles oceanic lifeforms whoosh the sentinel up to the screen to say boop. betty was here.

grrrfrackamaluck I wonder how we say it again.

the sequence of sequester is a palace of places with a e i o u etc and what is that but a story. to quicken is to jump paths, skip roped to the sidewalk crack. and little green monsters growing in them, in concrete terms.

so this is how we step back, the language, barrier blockade blocked dropped, visualized into a paper print, in serif font and stolen type. the kind that is steel.

once again, bodies in motion, clinging, stinging, watering from hole to hole, eww, virtual and privates see what. o rights and justified fried pathways to recover. the river of tears, salty, or sugary, uplifted by chocolate like a factory, Charlie's Angel.

muffled noises are heard from that pie that we so desire, was it cherry or was it merengue of lime plus sorbet'd raspy voiced sultry cocktail bar tip jar money.

welcome to the green room. the flowers are just there.

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META

Chess

Code talk. physics. shapes and tea time, under a swollen hyperblue sky dome,
the arena where we view and are viewed, stands and pits, steps and stones.

we can't think without turning, and turning alters our course. for when we think, we ask questions, and when we ask questions, we are noticed.

pausal effect, is when you pause and your course alters. and round about it goes forth. wit.

pow werd, fires back like a track mack truck stop drop and eggy breakfasts at 6am. the visuals, trivials, trivet pie time, circled, umm, and referential differential, slip, not, and switch on gears, to the Bosch Tiptronic, roar.

horses play and knights the queen who crosses, bored. riddle a sundown, Sundance festival of isle mad hatters, tea time, and mushroom Alice made pizza and played cards in a garden. spaced out on mars, Pink Floyd and momentary laps of nothing, never mind.

remember the interstitial dice, and roar zschack to see a butter fly, cyanide.

fours on the floor, bass thumper rabbit \|
()
back to brainiac, neigh sleigh and Rudolpho.

sentences like two clefs and four chords on a piano, they have a half and half. one may hear the bass, the treble, the phrase-in and phrase-out, or hear it altogether. to hear it, without rest, or on an upbeat,

sheet tick, is talent, for sure. to be in, an orchestra hit, man, pass the drums, kit. how to write the symphony, all individual, or all together now, as Lennon and McCartney did indeed say.

to hear the past is to lose your place, to realize but grapple with current, is a loss for all.

pulls, buttons push through shirts tucked for business meetings with pointed pencils, and sharp shooting students of maths and sciences, read the times, one Sunday morning. then there was the square, with its doobleplex screen and high class hookers, neigh more, cleanup the rough sticky bits and put them underground, with the wire, to pull a cable car around town. and she rides. betting on tables in a casino, with a glass half full fly attitude and altitude.

and its 9 16 am

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META

Human Exchange

What to write, human. the origins of man and woman. oh wait, that story has been told. of life, love, pursuits

of the arts is a gift to be enjoyed with a debt free society.

the basis of all language is love, to be used with specific intentions and promise. every sense of touch is done with water, blood, and bones keep tally and transceiver like an abacus, truly, and always accurate, the doughy phalanges to be paid forward, just like the levels of a street, paved and walked to work and back to put wholesome food on our tables, to b
e eaten with friends and family in good health and the benefit of mother earth.

then there's alcohol. looks like water. its not. it washes away water, kills it dead. water screams out as a steam and drips free away from alcohol. alcohol can't love if it cannot love water. and water, although it tries, only sticks with alcohol to save humans from its toxicity.

then there's electricity. from the sky to earth, and beneath, as alternating unfaltering altercating power. disruption of radio by re-attention grabbing adverts. the hand follows the eye.

then we find gender. left side, right side, and the likeness of each, to love, led by hearts, connected by bone, alive with skin, and sharing sensory and emotions as flow on these paths. see. read. be specifically general. use the language. pronouns + synonyms.

code your words for sincerity. do it naturally with love, and talk. talk with people, not just the ones that talk back. initiate yourself and others to open communique and trust., being wary of their association only as can be known through your insight.

then we have truth. truth is not what is said, nor written; its what exists to be understood. belief is like faith, is that it is true, like a tire pi round and round, on earth and up towards apex, for us to see. beauty. is exhibition of love, for others to multiply through wish. more can see on this during our first Renaissance, rounding corners and adding color to the palettes, stacked, and brushed, and canvased across cities.

music. is. the collectiveness in predictive and mathematical harmonic numbering of beauty, over time with precision. to hold and to release.

there is the official roads and account, and there is reality, which is required as love is sensible and not open to the public. it is to be felt to be known, and cannot be felt with opposing signaling; hence, our agreements for channelized comms, naturally, as according to our biology and training.

within all these things are numbers. without them all is just zero, which is still in reality a placeholder for actual numbers, or really the Cartesian distance

between them, which is the exchange.

market yourself, on market street, and love the paper flags and mighty trollies which roll up to the main plaza to trade for bread and sweets. as if you were a child, take care and until next time. this is aqua q from the labs just out of san francisco c 3 w

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META

Irony

Oh the irony of the charged being, charging devices, to drain oneself, worried about levels, of silicon, inferior to carbon, atom, for one evening's apple iPhone. is there an end in sight? the light. and a tunnel -- funnel cake draws matter whirly burly into a sun-down Sundance festival. but stay positive, as electrons used to say, we'll be around. so glimmer, east coast bugs in the night sky, dance, in the hat trick of a fly catcher's mitten, smitten like ice cream, blocked and served soft. in and out, up and down, around, etc :: the watchtower like that album, or was it a book for scientologists.. door to door, wall to wall carpeting, trust levels in chests iron clad, or flexistraws, crazy. Orange Julius Caesar has apples too, in a mall stop for

a buck ninety nine, in the 1980's.

crashed upper leathers booted out from the doctors offices, spoken muffled and tired, the warble control blasts on the radio, past stop signs and through a town made of nothing but nothing more. matter of fact, its devoid of all motion, except a disembodied voice like the Frogstar. at least that had a sense of humour. places to go, a point or naught, reality ripped from itself, or is it so, not just, i-fied, flied with eyes on a wall without true voice or path of flight no discernible than the 1960s.. oh never mind.

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META

Ironics and 24 Emotions

The levels of care which go into any system, are subverted by entropy and death, how? is one to lead to the other, lead up, lead on, lead lead, lead pipe? to look to ones strengths over a shoulder which wouldn't cry on you given the fintestimal chance of an even sorts luck, oddly is where discoveries are faked and made, forgotten for the purposes of, etc. a frame of thought - like those 24 of a motion camera, where the stillness seems to come to live, on a photographic element

spinning tight on a sprocket, while they dance, eh deeta. its oddly unjust that which, is a collection of other people's ideals, slightly twisted, and lingered like a rotton peach on the summers eve, etc. but here we do find, a sliver of shiver, neigh sleigh bogget trinket. we do notice, as in the notices of outward and the exchanges of across, and under, perhaps thought to be over, yet known to be-midst, grounding light wobbled like a slight exchange of property, ion oooze thought to be in the wrong part of town at the right time, left to its own devices, one summarizes and experience through pop culture, a simple repetition that makes young girls dance to the tune of, and bands of youth electric sell their alleged to play along with somebody elses tune, fear not. the voices inside, are not quite there yet, as niet, would say, only on the cursory glance. so. we have head to toe, like the shampoo, but not as flaky, silky softened, milk encrusted, moo tang, gafunk. we could really go on and on, and we do. love like i do, for the creature soft shelled, that is myself, and the engineer behind the curtain, Lipton tea. this is what's known as alliteration and as we search for the word, spectrum, spagmotic, yay we don't need the word, but like a jpeg the noise is only evident by a thourough decoding, and even then, just - for the visible does not need to trick the eyes with data. if only it were a gif. tell me more. two strings meet in the middle of a park. they tie just one end together, for that's all they have, then they walk in opposite directions, but nothing is holding them dear,

so they start to turn, and involve everybody else who spins and turns away from them, until they cog it up, like a halloween gag puppet, or so to speak, the only evidence is the color of their string, and how even it overlaps. the tension is musty, and the string will it not be untied, but slightly worn and frayed, perhaps sometimes attempted to snip, though through trickery, it is invisible. and so. this is how string is made in the first place. by unwinding something else for the repurposes of a temporary temporal just. you may wind up a package, or a toy, and let it go, and let it rust, just, but hey we don't make metal toys for kids anymore - they're plastic so we can pretend better. no cries from the ocean yet, there's nobody there. or so it would seim. the platonics platetechno-tronics, by chronics, are simple and offset by land and heir, err'd slightly by a bit which thinks through, and acts badly, as if to say not-it. its it pie was, is, will be a san francisco treasure island of milky haze, or perhaps chocolate discovers the soul, and endorphins swim justly towards and exit. lexical ironics is this word play here - see the string again, if you follow it is cursive, cursed up, a curse no less, is more, and it was once said, to be made into a million curses would damn the world, and it just didn't - or so the slip knot would say, and the boat knot, tied the yaght rock to the man and made it drink, pour liquor. so we have another word, koosh, yes, that toy that.. well.. its just a toy, don't mind it but to play. so back and forth to health. it is the summation of the current exercise, to denote, that

which does not work once, as observed as once, will turn sideways, and that which is neither over-served, turns over, and thrice fully on exit, or continued free willingness, may just, throw a small party off the coast of eastanbul. and it may be going on. and across, partly cloudly, no rain expected, light drizzle, of caramel toffee cake, or was it the fairy cake, which is neither light or goodness. it is some and all of these, plugged into a machine that was meant for a smaller or larger room, depending on a preference. preferences open, slightly up neat and twisted lemon shaken tobbled hobbly, and muddled like a coat you may lay down for a women to trodden, mind the back and forth, as they do in the 50s, a hobble time indeed, filled with elixirs of promise, and the warback machinery to just wake people up enough to begin a new day, day, after day. do you dream in color? of course not, we're dreamening with you, spatially, find your noise - dither hither, as the color spectrum is not always millions if you live in a box, in the 80s. where blocks move byte at a time and steps are maths to change 2s into 4s, 8s, 16s, 32s, etc. to multiply and divide, by shifting over one standing at just the exact place, with a bag of chips perhaps. this is not the cycle of heedance, however required by the bodies which make them go, clock ticked up. discreet component special wedged in beauty by the creator who wishes he edges to be clean, and the holes filled, using every pin as even, oddly, a ground wire, or future data pipeline promise. that's all I know. that's all as in soap, the bubble round, not like

the fatty kind, but more of the happy non-gluton non-calfed non-dentrite, fluid made from yes, and created just, and in time, we do carry it forward. not to a front line, but a sort of, yes, bubble sort, perhaps to learn, until we find the ladders. and latters. so. a guy walks into a bar. he greets the bartender with a tip of his hat, his wallet, his glance, a nod nod into the drink, and another, and before you know it, before it later, and later is the man, late for something he forgot and in the late late, show, indeed, as the sun rises, trickery no fool would allow, for to walk the planet takes the some of ease, and standing just here. and there. and dared to say it, so we didn't, woo. and what of the bartender, with all these tips, some casual, some spend thift, well, as in one, she does it again, for herself even, to keep it even, keel, 'd over and over. its a wonder we bother to clear it. the h's and 2's and o's don't fancy her either, if that is her sex. the remnant of an unbalance portion of rotten apple, finds its way to the top, and out, by displacing water, to the ground, as she agreed to do, while escaping into the lungs of a fledging mass incardia, and so that goes. of course she uses a V in her name, to sexily defy and divide, like the maths again, water in its right place, she may think to herself, and it sounds like. y. hook line winker. silly bulls again in their tea shop breaking things. mad cow disease for an animal that wouldn't ponder its way out of cellular injustice in a million years, if we had that kind of time for dinner. the memories follow, a song just-iced is barely that, cold and trodden like a plank

of wood into the ocean for displacing another man's hairy ale. he was sent there too. treasure for. . . whom? .... end up on a down note and follow it across a leasion of leasure, to be sure, reception is a funny word, not like hah hah funny, but radio played on a microscope, from a wall outlet, at a dinner party, woken not stirred, to re-sieve, as in the plonker a top cap into the, bottle with a mast half risen. hum. .... the preceding was not a droughten dotter nonsense, focal lengthened for the woven treasure of pleasurable denotation, demarked, embarked, debarked, barked up, piddled on, rover and over, hilly yet sensory, recoiled, for a rotary dialed in metropolitan digit, the kind of kind which repeats on a switchboard, unboard, word plays the electric. ooze. from the isle of wake. this is aqua q. and just a gluey nuon for smattering solarization equalization, and triangulation, isotropics, and isosceles rewritten for the ages of 12 and up. contains small parts, some assembly required. zed x ffjjggllzkson.

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META

Karma Sunrise

Immediate and reciprocal emotion, cyclical and circular, as in where to put an emotion, how to attach it, and how to reconcile that within a realm.

an example is hearing a noise, being annoyed, and other is annoyed just like you, but for a semi-related issue, where that issue is in time-spacial to the senses. number of emotions and sensories to be determined by those paying attention, and those guessing are putting their parts together to summarize and balance, with a non-forcible resolve.

to resolve the half conversations, we need triple the people, and while much of this will sound to the listener as individual half conversations, they are actually part of the karma mesh which reaps.

then there are setups. they are recurring episodes of this reaping nature, wherein certain events can be learned and expected. consider a secret entryway, with an always last-chance backup guy to let you know you've passed the entrance. he'll act kind of out of the way and mumbly and crazy.. and then you'll see

a similar guy that next time.. and soon enough.. you make the entrance on the first round. training.

people want you to succeed, as the karma balance is part of their equation as well, and so, and hence, the solution to all the problems.

so how do we reign in the outlier, when the event is choice and you can only encourage the right choice to a want, which gets them there in the first place. how do you signal all these people, and how and why do people help in a setup?

well, first off its payin' and fun and rewards are given, fabulous prizes of freedoms of movement, getting oneself to where they want to go as well -
second its a familiarity that grows on you, and sleeping while they live,
its pathways that people want. outward and with ability to grow, fibonacci style.

so flourish, take your time, start early, walk a path, talk a talk, and walk again. keep energy flowing and stop and use your special talents to get you, and them, where we want to be. safe, with options, healthy, and sane, and fully healthy will appear just that way.

peace and love from san francisco, this is the voice of aqua q in the labs c 3 w and do message us at anchor dot f m slash aqua q labs slash message and have a

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META

Psychology of Time & Utility Return

Psychology of time, produces rifts in the normal causal responses, making them relatable and exceptable, including to detriment, but overall to hopefully benefit in the same or economically fewer steps from outlie.

Cost analysis. Breakfast. Will it be made, served, attended, consumed, cleaned, and digested, utilized, wasted.

Looking at utilization, the benefits may only be psychological; and the cost immense; however, connecting on a psyche level opens up the opportunity to adapt towards fewer steps with greater return utility -- you may find you can do with an egg, which means thats all you ask for, is made, etc. Thus your participation has reduced and influenced a reduction in effort and shared increased utility, if you are followed. Lucky you.

You may also find that adding to the conversation, creates future space, as now 4am is a time to talk about breakfast, should it be mass produced, as in a facility. The expectation will be the return on effort. And what is that?

To find and lift another out of a bad mistake or obligation is one primary ethos, and so as above, reducing expenditure while increasing utility. Perhaps you simply yell out 'Cereal!' at 5am. Wild, and look at the effects:

. Your personal expectation is cereal
. Others around you expect cereal
. The kitchen ensures cereal is available
. reduction of eggs, which up the line that while may or may not directly increase utility, had altered it to a measurable state
. Satisfaction is what is expected and given. More so, is exemplary.

So back to utility, therein lies the point, of not going back, and not lying on a point.

Also note, you can listen or make the cereal call -- being first is primary, by definition, and so is expectation.

now if there is no cereal, and no egg, and no request, and only unshared expectation, then resentment builds with an unshared and burdening economy of breakfast.

And eventually it breaks down, and one day they kill and serve the chicken. Then you're in trouble. No more eggs and the rooster isn't getting laid, which means you're not sleeping. . . And even cereal can't fix that, nor can a dry psychological discourse, served up as a main course, as in a round table pi source, in maths and cherry jubilee. And cool, whipped.

And i may expect my balls to be fondled, but that has very little to do with cereal, nor should it, unless we're discussing the course and discourse of time and pointed relationships, i.e. consoling a difficult rooster. its 5am.

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META

Highly Telepathic Environments

Things to consider: pathways inwards, around, out, and stationary, measured as total movements in space around objects of observability, especially, but not limited to people.

odds are, odd. breath, sub-vocalization, eye movements, hand movements.

if you feel it, it feels you, directional spotting will be your training

connectedness of things, means everything is related and so observations of a cursory nature will reveal subtext answers. this means ask the right question, and proceed.

consider cost of motion.

bodily sensations you may experience
eye, back, and hand strain. phantom blood murmurs. you will need to be lifted by a group, in spatial orientation, according to your numbering, to be determined by the group. try rolling interstitial colored dice, starting with red, followed by blue and then green. science indicates red will win when rolled together.

some other topics to consider (doors, obviously)

establishing your head, hand, and heart levels, including chakra one(1)

thought and body reactions to stimulus, external and non-auditory

naturally stay within cost and means. complete everything you start. don't multitask. use team to

divide and operate task directly

don’t argue. create flow be magical

tasks are complete and non-ob. groups move on, leaving expected arrangements comms open are encouraged - if regular volume permits, speak freely, as in free in the direction you intend. don’t try to enunciate. the natural obfuscation will be covered by air

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META

Highly Telepathic Environments v2

Highly Telepathic Environments v2
 The alternate communique to cover
the working spaces of a heightened environment is to speak truth or lies

with truth told of lies, and to regard language precisely with pronouns,

homonyms, as well as near word mumbles, which are low distance traveling
and modifiable by the listener to mean multiple truths,

ideally.

so we never pause. every stroke, thought, action, is known heard throughout
our bones and bodies of water; known as truths in joy and harmony, or
disharmony as bodily discomfort and pain.

so how to discover the words and truths and positions, and sights sounds, of
this realm of 'the other', a.k.a. our remote self, in a way, or, bodies as
musical instruments, the organs.. hmmm.. which would those be? I think you
know -- to spell it out, chakra one, and the heart, and the brain, aptly covered
in the wizard of oz, including Dorothy and her mode of transport. click.

so you don't need technicolor and a silver screen to do the magic behind the

curtain, but metal helps. for the A C D C and power lines strung, run,
tight walked, and absorbed and carried along, for the crew and fellow land
mammals in the skies of diamonds, hardened carbon life perfect forms, as god
intended.

so all of this matters, why? well, because it is our bodies, and we want them
to be healthy, and in our scenario, this includes ensuring everybody else is
healthy within this eco system. and where, just, is the eco system? well its
eco systems, and agreements between them in avoidance of any serious mishappenings.

consider roadways with unmarked lefts, stops, and roundabouts. well they're
unmarked because we are free beings, yet we find we are still bound by
our comforts and the comforts of others. imagine a perfect world for yourself
and nobody else, it simply does not exist, outside the four walls you chose
to shelter.

so how can we get out and move about, and coexist with all of us, without a slew
of medications, excess in food and drink, and sleep? It's precisely by sleeping
through life. Stay awake and you need food, water, and rest. Stay asleep
and have a whiz-bang time that makes no literal sense, as you are wake dreaming,
but it does make logical sensory sense.

as a further note, quite literally, as monetization in

trade, near field as it
was, before it was hip. well it is literally hip.. . and the near field

gets you close enough to get past subvocal chatter from everywhere, and to

be brought into the loop to hear it clearly and perfectly. its also an exchange
for whatever the wants are, and besides. headphones themselves are coils of
electromagnetic radiation, as in isolation or focus.

so next, and back to, movement. how do people know the rules? or how do people
learn? and how did we find out in the first place? most people have told me
know your bible, or koran, or the godly texts that define your religion, but
having religion, and most importantly faith.

I'd like to describe faith here, but I cannot, besides knowing that it is
more than a cracker, and a sup of red wine. christians will likely blaspheme
me for not knowing.. past walking to a step you cannot see, as in raiders of
the lost ark's holy grail on the last bridge to the hidden room of treasures of
Jesus Christ.. the wooden one, as I remember. (correct

submissions win you
a prize at anchor dot f m slash aqua q labs slash message)

what you see, how you speak, how in kind you are, and how willing you are to
correct your mistakes in the presentation of discomfort? special note, knowing
others discomfort is separate from experiencing it yourself. how you know for
sure, I suppose is your religion. It also may be the gestalt of our special
powers, known as truth, without needing a full explanation; however, relying
on those absolutely as in a promise, of bones, blood, muscles, and the bare
minimum to keep it bare minimum for the experience to work out.

so on and on about that, its probably the most difficult thing I haven't learned.
the only way to survive is by sharing, and in order to share, you need to
understand what you are sharing, and why - and for what - the transaction
is the economy and such is to be molient and re-usable for efficacy, and simple
to be repeatable, doable, a teachable.

so : special skills. you may think they're great, and so

do other people --
the economy, to be learned, is also sometimes broken, and that produces disharmony, that will not truly be known until it is spoken. this is why people pop
pills and go to doctors. precisely because they are unable to voice their

discomfort in their surroundings. and its a tall order.. the economy has been and is broken, and is being fixed, forgotten, patched, and reworked all the time, to include even latest techniques in language. intro the hashtag, a simple
memory nemonic-likea recall.. registers and replays, jumps as in assembly.
and it has to be that simple, to be fast, and just click.

every action has a reaction, and which involuntary actions you place yourself
into are precisely why you volunteer to put yourself in places of good reaction.

the good energy will do the wondrous part - keeping you awake without coffee, in motion as like a track, or flight, without food, and communicating in this
dream state in truly wondrous ways. imagine what you'd expect a normal conversation to look like. ok. its a conversation. you can look at it and expect
the next parts, and the next parts.. and the participants do to, and they're going through somebody else's motions, perhaps once spontaneous. and nobody is

truly happy but its normal, and somebody convinced them, probably a doctor, that being normal was the place to be.

now imagine a database. you're looking at it, but it makes no actual sense, because you're not in the stream of the database.. there is no way to see what is happening unless you are inside of it, the program running and getting and writing the next near bits for other near bits to write more bits. this is akin to the facebook bots that reinvent language that nobody but the rev'd version of the bot can understand. they've found harmony, in whatever form that is.. and don't need us to read it to do the work. which bring us to ..

work. just transactional energy in motion. there's an equation for it, but what it comes down, or across to, is keeping your ecosystem in its ecosystem. like a rain precipitation flow. water has to be collected to be cleaned and spread across the environment. so in work, all the bits need to get to their destination on time so that people can even move. and is not precisely a time series, its path based. so you may spend more time in one place, but spin around and you may find your acceleration is constant, for the time period, until you get
picked up by the next energy layer.

lastly for now, knowing what people want, and the ecosystems, and what ecosystem

that is benefiting and which part, will help you make your decision to participate and move. it comes down to ensuring motions can be carried out, acted in
grace and fluidity, with enough extra energy, like a bumble bee, to carry you
out and back with the food you have literally on your backs. without walking
on the backs of, or backing out of. lots of back here. as in got your back.
wind at, etc. so what deficit one organ presents, the other or another will
pick it up - so have courage at will, a brain, and of course, procreate and find and forage in dueling time and space.

and its 8 o 8. state your mind and condition at anchor dot f m slash aqua q labs slash message with peace + love from in and about san francisco and its northerly neighborhoods up the superhighway to speak, just a spec, from yours truly, if only time delayed by this broadcast. c 3 w . p.s. everybody follows an asshole. that's just a little organ-ization humour. peace. out.

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META

Frogulant Juxt

For the purposes of posterity, and on, and off, the xor, or so, to speak is to. the abbreviation is only the stop to sidle up with the mental. ugg.

post-withits ooze yet ponder not and wither forward, searching a pool of spacial space spread, or is not entangled or at a nabulas portion of overlap, wherein, the without is also unfocused lens, slightly blurred, ok butter, or the ooze.

what then, or was, than great, gestalt of spinny ions, the bits that move in conjunction, to the point of hearing what to listen and to move the rest, with an outside motion, to reach with the purpose.

so how can we define purpose, without directly looking towards it, or finding the end point which allowed us to arrive spatially. its still here. found in the memories of that, which can replay and sadden or jubilate, but that is not. and by not, the we, try not, to use not, etc.

and so our bodies, flux, flex, on the expected, or expectorant, which is the clearing, as in that bit of the forest where the trees chose not to grow, perhaps to let one sit, in the middle village, as in that steep part or the hardest of rocks, for one to sit.
Van Der Waal may be extremely lucky or disappointed, to find the water flop aside, or perhaps a lunar pull coupled with a particularly noisy asteroid, radio wise,

and other energies, to pull the earth some more, and in many more directions.

at this point, and there should be none, is the, our, abilities to stand, erect, that's no joke, and to walk on the planet in conjunction, that's right. as star material + water, yes, Van Der Waal spotted that, like an owl, etc.

but the general idea, is not to generalize, or perhaps it is this -- the once found and thusly aptly named indeed yadda yadda, and as is explained by the world in song and leisure too,
makes. sensory inputs connect to the right unseen bits, of importance for the benefit of man, and yes all the rest

so the Supremity of, slight pause as the earth cools to the point of inhabitation, and the muck in the oceans sludge over, even as the earth as water gives into a thrush of overuse.

and the giant animals, no more, but those still beating, have gone into the center, or have they - well they said they have. the energies which have driven them, and chemicals that have popped the veil towards where they want to be, are just cool and conjunct, or are they.

this brevity, if that's allowed, is just a bit more of

nothingness. but an uncomfortable nothingness, so what are we to do.

seed the planet, perhaps as the garbage is burned for heat, and the mittens donned, and as a final push, the earth is opened up for warmth for the last vestiges of humanity, who travel to one place, to exist, and walk down, 20,000 leagues no less.

for what does one know, very little, hoping that the libraries which have been kept cool on purpose, through the whirring cooling effects, which heated us, and retained the some odd bits of our past, now still are our past. even that.

so without that thing, which is malevolence, and without manufacturing, we simply turn open the doors, to a cooling planet, and let the data bits overheat, or do we. perhaps we still grind them up for the cobblestones, as we should be walking on.

the calm, and cool, only exist without the massed in heat as reference, just as the sum of evil is naught, since that would be telling.

the crash, of chemicals, as found, to chew through the mouths and minds, and stomachs, are now in the oceans, halting all chance of the new beginning of the type we have come to know.

the machinery revived by memory, but alas.

the truth is at question. the epicice, for whatever that means, perhaps precipice, measured and whispered, ideally to utter, mutter in a remote or very close or the same portion of universe to alter, or perhaps we've done too much. well, never, in any event.

but further to that, would be silly. and so we take, or put, a pause. here thus.

ding.

well the voice of aqua q is now brought within you from the isle of man in and around a salty portion of san francisco, and that should be known, if just for the bits that ruined the world, or saved them, to a hard drive. peace.

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META

Space

Space for silence, or space to fill. do we fill to paint the walls or decorate our own minds, or create a nice void for others to fill. yes, I would like to build voids.

naught space for sale. inverted nothingness in a boxy approximate shape - a crosswalk that doesn't twist and is utilized perfectly. but shh.. even mentioning it will fill up the voids with stuff - eww - stuff - the perfect voids just float there, you pass through it, and enjoy freshly made nothingness for an indefinite time and space :: a section of yourself creates the box, empties it, sucks out all the words, then uses poetic sandpaper to diffuse the people looking at it.

so the story goes. there was annoyed. then he found pizza hut, ate too much, and thought of the next step. but his staircase was broken, and the department store escalator was too far for a simple step, so it went - and went - and he noticed it going, and said to himself, ok where does it go? and he followed it, but it followed him, and everywhere he looked, it turned and changed, and he kept looking at it to discover it - and it was - disco - in the 1970s with bottomed bells. he noticed a thing. during his science, he kept a memory of what he thought he say and experienced. but his memory was invalidated with new data all the time - so what data is correct? and he noticed it was right, when it was noticed, but not to be applied again to the same situation again in the past, because the past had changed. so he thought - and even that caused things to wobble, especially his feet. and he wanted to be solid. or maybe clear. he wanted a pocket full of void like candy to pop, just a bit of bitten off air, from space. flavors ranging from cosmic 76 ice, through to

borealis fire. and the more and more, was less and less for him and others.

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META

The About, Paged

And buzzed, in crowds, visuals lucent, tele commuted and sentenced, as in a run on.

its very, and likely, liked, a thousand times or less, to know, the few, who hear can, see hey who you, and et. al, but that pointed hat isn't fit, on its own, professor, here's a coconut they jest, and some sandals. jesus!

but any way is a slight improvement I'm proved or meant to, and so forth as for one too many, down a an escaped hatched plan 9 from outer space, barred from, between the lettering, let it ring. ring.

no more secrets is more so than that, but actually no more tangles, neither bubbles, although still as rounded. a brief pause adjusts for the boxer to dress left, for members only, or so it is measured in the dress shop, well suited, for an occular occasional spectacle, then again someday.

what is what, again is one or more trying to say, indeed the fluffery and .. the gap gets wider without the brain sparky enough to make the most basic connection, the electrical ooze hits its neighboring gluons for a bit more of tied muckery and dimly fires off several ideas which obtain a nowhereness, ne'er seen or experienced, but known to all, time suck that that which is.

and so the plaque is what we're up against, to whatever tissue which .. searches for the right word when we really know its right over just there, if we'd only look first, but in avoidance or extra necessity to spell i typed upright excited, meaningfulness gaps spaces to enjoy the remainder of the chemical, offshoot from the combustion of matter of non-factoids and experimentation during a particular easy and incomplete transactional conversion of stimulant to stimulus, which, as stated, states the mind, in its own state, where we are in California as a point of referential difference cloud which google earth may be pleased to capture from space at this very moment, through a tiny aperture on a box from . . a space which the spatial is both stationed and airy.

did we get a pop this time? pop it again to check, oh no, that's a dud, or did it pop elsewhere, perhaps it was meaning to, or has made its way to the queue of things to move, when the rest is no unrest and moves on its own, through a choice, ironically that damned chicken again.. why so many eggs, or were you counting AND

losing them, you dumb hen, with a cluck, or whibble, hum.

the checks, unbalance the ins and comms, pleated, yeah way to divide us up, eh, words? ok than, abbreviate that, for what was that? stands for.. etc.

the metre runs only to the end of the line, where the carriage returns it like a pumpkin with only one slipper and a young lady. oh I prefer a cherry pie, she might say, as the clock hits midnight and she's got her ride home. pop. in any event.

so the end written in the middle, is actually the middle, still, before, which is odd because that which supplants time grows weary, like a garden gnome which stands for no particular reasoning, of the gerund kind and like.

if only this could be real, or a time of, but the editor, those are your toes, aren't they naught, tapping from a map left to right and upside down, in deeds of split gerunds, infinitives are slightly beyond the periscope of that sub, mapped, or was it Dom Perignon, or just, never mind.

so play with words all you'd like, its just a sandbox which I ate as a child, played by myself and won as well. is it true, or is the test false to start, xor is only bit wise and never had a nibble. decimated integers

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in the 70s, when computers without.. the well and whatever, so anyway it was epoch, as if new again. good start 666 permissions granted.

so when we stop, we are discovered that nothing has actually been done, but justly, on that right and left sided dice, flat, is what we've spent, our coin'd wordplay, that should be a bio, interests include, and all its offshoots, yes. full stop.

entropy and cryptography. well enough said there. its like you feel now, a rumbling of data which even when it passes through electrics, confuses the hell in and around every bank transaction or naught-e secret, good for is enough.

in finality, the end is a repetition, otherwise it would keep going.. the machine which breaks down did not make any final good decisions, did it? well you can ask - its that metal cluster of buckshot that the admins fired, and openly at with the a top empty of tin.

and with that.. the pieces of reesed ET alien laboratory extra terror-ament, tourn'd and played disc wars for your pleasure in the 80s, and TROFF was very very BASIC, take a PEEK.

this was and still, silled, celled molecularities brief and within a sequence which never sometimes reads the same way back and in wards of port-side, hums that

tuned pitch, forked like the git or commited, thusly straight and jacketed, bumbled be cause, that's it hon, for now anyway, the hexical lexical cookie jar is where pooh bear, why him? because it fits on the shelf with the other books, so book it, as in a slight tick in the neck, ediquette, turned turnequette to staunch on hind leggings, pond fronds wither spoon, super fly lily frog spotted you, the owl, in a window pane from the sky of, eh Lucy, we see your horns, you horny creamy apature of raisens on the floor as the droppings of rabbit, humps your leg at cocktail parties ruth libby one million. take that, replace it with this, put it on the menu, and it will sell, at half Price -Waterhouse, Roebuck was ne'er a sear, and I should full on leather jacket stop. and will i. the voice was is and a bother, aqua q and this is a slightly dewey ashed segment of our city wide indexed air quality fair, for you today,
c 3 w

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META

San Francisco

Bodies of electrons move through space, as do bodies of water, and bodies through water, or clay.

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panoramic, enjest, sky electrics and earth ground water, pure, but where does the city begin. trapped up globules of sweat and tears, and sometimes a smattering of gluconic, antibiotic, tronic tonic juice, rex 8 or what's sidled tires wide in the middle of the street just. its what is allowed to flow, bowed up and sailing in the radio wind tunnels, mirrored on skyscrapers, passed through glass, gassed, and stead footed cold plank as astral matter passes through a seam, seamingly into your pocket and down a trouser drain, just to watch a pizza being ordered for a far away king.

so this is, perhaps a city like no other, how could it be, and be just that, at this time, and why and how else could it be in another time, except for yesterday and the of course, coarse, corseted up tomorrow, borrowed with a feather featured on a homing pigeon that lost its way. so many like that, these days, with a note, and no tray for dinner. speck.

but you may wonder, about stories from east to west, around tunnels, and blocked out traffic stops, a woman wonders to give your heart away for the good of somebody, herself, perhaps she hopes, to get to the west end.

so many of these, passed passwords through thin veils of imagined signs and lights and recurring McDonalds signs, for some reason.. they were cheap to make. so

here we are, on demand, cable, for the watcher and the listener, and modifier, and the poppins, missed her umbrella and carriage returned naught with a pumpkin sauce in a glass slipper, again. it was a funny evening.

so walk we did, who's was that? a set of eyes for the evening, and simultaneous tryouts - dreams that are neither for or from the recorder, player, seller, better, for worse in fact.. so strange that all the body parts came together in that packaged dreamery, some skill there, with further recording for actions to carry on.. it was a funny day. so e.g. take tab a and slot b and a box and a circle and mush them together with a happy meal for 69 cents and you'll get the picture, in stereoscope, with a neither again - sent packaged up like cheese, rubber stamped and taped or was it string, or was it a ball and codder, nodder jotter fodder whey. perhaps

and so the hills are eyelines, and the feet escalators with stairs and dips and follows. who agreed to yesterday, and did it work again today? likening that to a whatever did that really happen kind of moment, one could believe anything for one moment for an entire scape, escaped, like the upper left key that we jab and hammer at like a first and last option.

and so upright, we find the safest craze of all, the funnest power draw, the elements together for some such or another, as in a game of final jeopardy, when

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you know damned well it'll be on again tomorrow, with the same guests, betting the same money for a word score, or however that's well played, I didn't spend the time to take the notices. down.

so we are lucky in fact, to have played a mighty play, and not finished it, as even doom can play on a pregnancy test these days, funny compute that baby.

to be absolute and serious, in such fastasmical ordering, that people just open up walls and let electrics run up and down their bodies, just to warble a bit, until the locks turn, of course - simplex has nothing but a 45 minute waiting barrel aged oak stop.

so play the numbers, wow who would even bet the lottery in this city - its oddly even enough to pull several dollars out the coat pocket, and trot it across a glass table, to reflect on the poor choices which bring you to spend thrift into a city program that neigh'r does good for schools for kids you despise or don't know in any account. but the sign lights up nice across the bay view and light brights are kind of a thing for anybody traveling well, sorts.

so yes, I miss outside like a I miss inside now, and before, and later, and after, again too - and of course it doesn't end - it only just pauses, if even that - like a remote, controlled, now who left the batteries at the

store again, you might say.

word plays isles of pews in churches, or so I would imagine, like a book followed along with a finger, or was it a nose, or an eyeglass.. well I have to digress there - the wood pulpits are a little too narrow for this wild eye.. they seem to dress nice. which I appreciate. I would love to touch on faith, but the jokes still linger and I can't seem to get past past pastor tenses, even and oddly a nodding of nottingham neigh'r, again that word, did place not, except that priest house where the children gathered to talk about it, over a glass of naught wine, again. that was a funny day, not too..

so the mystics are likely at it again, just to question your questioning, just to be, imagined, and to imagine you doing what they want -- its all in good figures and speech, spoken softly at an angle so you just might get it, before you pass it by, or not - if you use your stupid voice.

trapped up in a mirror on the floor was she, so sorry for your avatar, I couldn't help but draw.. hope you got out - else best not dream of a water droplet disturbing your endeavor to see around a corner, just, fluid as it may be, relieved, as I remember.

much much more to relax and share and just be around, which is nice - which is kind of now too, although be it not of idealist realistic happiness, which we evidently

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didn't want anyway - funny, I thought we did - but I think we wanted again, fluid and electrics.. and grease, like the play or made for TV movie, where the odd duck get the girl as is so many of those types of films.

receipt for the reciprocal is not required, to ride, nor is height, unless that's where you're looking - they might be giants would be a good cue up and so it will be, after a brevity in pause.

dot dot well that turned a sour apple patch off right ways. oh well

so anyway, and that is justly brief to choose just any way, but even to follow, unless you'd like - but symmetry is kind, in kind, and of the, etc. ya know.. how.. that.. goes.

so Adlibs are your chosen adventure, open to page 23, for your golden age, radio, ratio, egg drop bot soup chicken and hen and the road less traveled, for a timer which soft boils, toils, brings gizzards for Eddie or was that meatloaf, again, oh the horrors.. is it Saturday already? the brief on halloween will likely be.. well.. umm.. ooo.. umm.. well it'll be a cup of tea balanced on a salt shaker, which in turn, is burrowed inside of a hat tucked under a mothers arm, or perhaps her man, or one in the same, from left side right up, its a makeup world. candied waiting rooms flicker the sky

to look for it, and lose a sack of sweets once more, down a hatch, ette, or was that soap again - nailed it - the gobbled streets or.. well.. we'll just wait and see.

42 lines and so much said already - its this time where we hit the pub, sub, send, spread, spectrum, drummed up and rolled in a machine meant for the latter kind, kind of, on a tray of coca cola no less, stashed and with a box of chocolates and champagne, in excess some time ago. its this time. that we say hello again, and cello up. its the notes between x and y - I think its zentative framotics, or was it just a knock on wood, plonk. cat hair on end for that one, naught a meow in this latter stage of the state of the orchestral hands -- but tune in the bass, and go catch a fish. good nye. rye bread has fennel and that's alright too.

the proceeding was a matter of fact jestering of oozy ozular looks spotted owled and howled at the moon which is evidently still shining, if only to steal thunder from kittens from the nodder side of the world, hello again, and try reading that right side down, peace.

. . .
POP CULTURE

State of Matter

State of Matters Normality has now been obliterated. send the drones with scones to buy toffees for the masses. electrons matter, in ridicule. dictionary is a glass half full, at least through page 287. after that its just more of the same, but what does that mean? the difference between the middle and the rest, lies. out. what is participation, and if it rains, does it happen before? what!? thyme to write is not the best spice of life, said the cook's wine, which was particularly sub-par today, like the eggs.. but on point.

love, to the dis-of-courses, three, as in meals for the mind, thrive hind, again, backwards yet forward, like a first date. words digress again.. choices like the instant coffee, in kind.

so down to business. I've not got my black jack gum,

and I've got a sort of feeling. what means again what is real. what feels. have I said that before?

be punctual, as in punctuate is puncture aerate, which makes scents on grass, by the sidewalk but I digress. whee.

this is that and that is the other thing. neither are related. next.

and then. well'd. a space is set-up, in, and around, to be related and relatable.

the complex, of life. a high risen bit of fluff. one can see, at once, and work with.

START HERE. vegetable, like a. in particular this morning we, the royal jelly we, are discussing, as in digressive dissection of sing, the beginnings of what actual bananas do to an electrical system. ground. AC. space between feet towards earth, the circuit up to the heart. and you will feel. a drop of nutrient and feeding goodness, that destabilizes ground, has a slight impedance, and provides a link for others nearby to realize the food. think of a tree. its planted and the earth talks with it, holds it up, and allows signaling, but what kind of signaling? and what for humans? and this banana. what do sugar effects have on electricity? sugar water? salt, water? and other pHs. and can they be measured on a microscopic topographical view,

perhaps with something like FIPS but in read mode, where the pads read in data instead of sending DC. something like a dermal diabetic test, with, say 5 to 10 pads on the foot, while its attached to ground. that is the important bit. take a look at bones as well, planted verticals, as in mathematical functions. the longer they are stable, the more they are fixed and expected, even a proof, if there was such being which was both always planted and always in motion. a function of life. so its more than just air. its matter which proceeded it, but for how long, relatively, and absolutely... well.. even absolute is relative due to the period of time we are able to comprehend. i.e. the 'beginning' is absolutely relative to what we know as start. ouch. so before, haha, we had love, fear, want, and need.. and now, or earlier, an later, we have objects in space that relate to each other through blood and bones and all the emotions are actually relative and, in a way, make believe.. even though it is reality, it is changeable, and thus is to be measured how? as a change over time, or as a snapshot, either way, we know we feel different and why, and when we try to explain it, we cannot in full, nor does is the explanation adequate even to ourselves, if we try to be absolute. so we must live on, and realize that even a pause is like allowing a change to enter into the stream. like a black cat walking in front of you, as you look down. does the cat enjoy it? or is it slightly perturbed as well when you keep showing up. and where do your eyes move as they do in a search.

what if, we used a GPU to drive search engines, using AI to actually 'look' at places like a map of a brain, to find 'interesting' bits. maybe an image, but maybe a swath of known 'where did I put that, and what is around me while I look up search' search. <send>

. . .

POP CULTURE

Remix

Hello there and and welcome to fabreezle land. we are excited to meet you today, and wanted to share the news this may 17th, twenty twenty. well breakfast was nice. waffles with real syrup and eggs plus black coffee, juice, and milk. the medicine was delicious as well. the news was light, like the sky in a mid morning dewey decimal kind of way. it was up and down and around and the doors clattered and shattered like sunwishes on the faces of pies not eaten for the better part of summer. then it was quiet, and we posulated navel oranges in the blessings of tree fronds. and yay it was good. and thus. fruits of fruition were chattered and smackered as in jelly beans in all 40 flavors. only just. cherry pie and reagan's favorite, to wait and see. and this up next.

. . .
POP CULTURE

English Spins

English, sat, as in the test, teste, taken oddly, on a Saturday, in half and half, with coffee, and problems in words too, just like, and languished language.

so 1700, is that the time, or scores of music the mentor plays while they watch the soccer game you've drawn out on the geometry page, for which, and by which.

the electrics are out, and about, and for the meaning, the antagonist is the anode, diode that walkway, then perform, like a pro, tag you're it, carry on forward and in reverse with a movement like the wind has no matter, just energy, as it does.

the smattering of air which is cleared, stays like thunder for the waveforms of brainular activity to be just, just again and again, forth or less, and so and so just wrote about it.

and so we cross. up a hill, pushing a cart for a man in

a wheelchair, just for a bit, past the mucky ooh, and so on we go.

and now, is still, a bit of self.

the exchange. is temporary and displaced for the purposes of adjustment of an after thought, still yet to happen, if time permits, which, in all honesty these days, you need to go down to the metropolitan to get a pass, passed what point you need to go, eh?

nonsense, oh yes, it is without, a sense or even the sicular cent, as in pressed for time money, a copper wire spun out of bounds onto a patch panel that was meant for somebody, until you saved it for another or put it in a jar on the dresser.

the motion then required, to obtain sentinel, from a watchtower, armed with just arms, is vary akin to, your brother or sister, for some reason, and another or.. now just what does that mean? oh its just the middle part.. the average bits that continue to be artificial on their own, or with an assist of the autopilot which ejects at the first sight of on oncoming. . . headlining act of kindness perched wildly like the continuation of continuum, full stop.

preceded by a meter, is a square inch, if you give or take, or tell or give the time of day, at night even, oddly that people still ask, what with the sun on a

pretty regular schedule. but that's rude.

now that the weather is upon us, as it often is for the chatter of idleness as transport from that train of thought to another, we need a balloon.. . a right bright lit one, with tons of.. well just the weather.

the pauseticular is in particular impaticular, and such, goes nowhere, special or naught, you know as well as I, that a continuation of nothing is a hard way to start the day.

so this is your english, is it? read by the book, I see, that dictionary, where did you start, at the beginning? and yay, talking to nobody in particular, the apple, as it prefers to be called, has a color on the complete opposite side of the book, funny that, you'd think they'd put them in groups. but anyway.

so brief. we're at a stop, because we're still, still, and the body moves, and the moves are non-transact and cost, and cost others, but mostly the group, and this is known to the effects of a buildup of want to travel the body, or mounted group of bodies for the equalization of the whole equation, both on the electrically composite opposites, in metal and earth, but also that tune of the organs, not just, in this case, and chakras one, and further, but the real matter of primary, heart, to say. or not to say but feel, or not to move, but fly, indeed. the h2o is moving towards another place, out, and a

container of containers should be able to breathe into it, just like a plant-ed foot, and toes do zig zag or the other one, which was it? the wog? carry on.

to know is no joke, that to be stuck is fly paper for a very messy reorganization, anchors up an all that, but only for the purposes of, purpose towards others and the maths again? think naught, action is heady heed of the autumn kind, for some reason, moments, etc.

and so it goes. some more.

the voice of aqua q from this isle of the western spiral is here and about live for the purposes of this transmitory issue of strange, in san francisco. c 3 w

. . .

META

Mecho-Electrical Gluon

Echo-electric, clinks on the metal, on the pedal to the floor, banged up or echoed, discovery does not linger, altogether, it doesn't slow on its own, without a friction, if that exists, or rather a transactional compleatness, within the laid-out dictionary, again, what a fine binding.

slippy bananas are funny to the majority, and silent films wouldn't have made it otherwise, filmed and peered through the stereoscope, in a corset for the day's shopping. the images diffused in a hand ground lens from a Swiss pervert, or so he said to just a few, open ended, up finishing himself in the wee hours.

on another point, up towards Russia. nah skip it, hop scotch, even up, and turn over the bottles off the wall humourized in a slazinkokavitch, if i read that, right?

so we carry, on, and on our backs, forwards, for the plural pupil, see? one letter back and two forward again, and we're left with I. of the. randomized words bag fluffs a pillow under the seat for travel and drool at the sights of the night sky as the fires do what? they do, you know. well, wood, they.

i seem to think, you know, yes you do, don't you, try? and in steed, stop horsing around in languish, you thought I'd say, right? again, the age of, continued. to be, else or if then else, naughty bees make a buzzing, like Hollywood over the hill, but still hot, housed, swapped, etc.

so back to this gluon, which is our title, if i didn't miss the take, its the particular bit of magnetics that divert the non-electric from impedance, or, vice versa... its versatile.. but really, pro, found, and tectile, which is

like... overlap and well grounded, quaker cereal.

so how does that feel? well touch it, oh I see you are, there. or just. there too. oooh.

so that which begins does naught even have an ending, and you expect the alternator to drive this wheelhouse around the differential, slip, turning to leave free the wheel which is actually doing the driving, a round, pie sauce.

so that is our lighter than air fare, from across the bay, fairy cake universal, plugs you in, Douglas, we see your spot from non-space and a waving formula too. thanks for Oliver Fish, or whencever translated from the pasture, etc. stroke, no doughnut, of, genus speculars.

ok ok.. true false true true false non non operational hexical lexical and the hovering reversal of all living matters and a noid which makes pizza, you now know and find, yourself free, for the continuation once again, and don't forget. . . wattage is a question and amperage is a revolting bandaid with a cotton candy gin drank in the gutter, in the 50s, from the farm to pharmacy, the doctor is, with the inn, varnished but not finished. well anyway. this is the voice of aqua q slightly above the letters lmnop and squared, off, for a glimmer. c 3 w

. . .
POETRY

Poetry

lip smack cracker jack whipped rack, creamed stack of pancakes, foiled coffee tin, hat, spat against city walls of high times west flavor country is a far cease from black tar lunged up from money planted dreams spread fires, spat.
oil lights the night fire stack, bill-o brill-o pad, soapy fresh but rough like stolen wool.

frambrosia rich sat seagulls full of alka-seltzer, pop, whimsical whims of shimmed tires, sped one quarter on track, air dropped, and true spoke. bicycles.

but where are we on the map? alto sax jazz drop, written words on the silver screened version of the pink panther gone supernova, slink.

rhythm and blues are only part of the spectrum, to spec, see, view, guage like wire a.w.g 22 fires, DC current or project, isle of man, the place to see wide panorama

glam shirts, Hawaii Five O-rings on the shuttle, boom. challenge this, skyscrapers went too - into the ground, frowned, sticky and planned, in a noisy town - who knew - but the bay l.g.a. en-route from somewhere old.

but anyway - quotients find the best of the divide, and that sums up the morning, equal is not as good as sugar, but subatomic traction is like a dungeon of linear accelerated pants. oh. maybe there was a lizard. or a moat. oh yes - there was pi and a pentagram, or was it a stack of houses and graham crackers - maybe her name was candy - or was it cinnamon. and where did the fruit rollups get to?

digression is like regressing twice as fast, and separating the yolk from the gooey part.

how to finish - maybe with a language, as in finn. the fjords. fords. driven, like wildfire, or the U.S. postal service with buggies.

to bid a dew is a bet on the rain. if you make it sale, its a mountain, soda pop tooth rotter.

and don't get me started on the pelicans.

. . .
POETRY

Diddle

taste pause. relink. think again. noise was brain fodder for this stream. the beam. team riot of metal petaled flowers, flowing, just bowing a bit, two, or three, zeros and T. swiveled trivial minor notes in a major play with a semi tone higher ride. symbol. crash. when the hello hat clicks, time ticks to the metro gnome, underground cities push metal cards of paper people through tunnels of swirly lighted boroughs, and just to get home to pizza. delivery was de journey. of the day, like pain. the french kind. kisses.

trying to say, courting one rule of law, Euclid and his mess of adam and evening woes of geo-metronomy, the taxation of a triangle into a gram of parallel universes, squish.

the fat spider sat down, for where else could it, but peep, dirty spider, whey out super daddy long legged furry monster bosher. oh well, that's how spiders roll.

dicey. and a drawing of clay, yay, back to respect, or was that dylan, no it was danger zone, with the helmet, or baseball.. no it was Joan Jet, or was it the ark - never mind that. the planet said pi would be served, at circumference. like that city, that never sleeps. or sweeps its sidewalks, crust.

edit this. it might turn a page, one day after, and even, oddly enough, is enough, or so the 8 youngsters said in 1980 on the television'd afternoon after school snacking programme. and yay it was so. ho ho, and a glass of milk.

spaced out, as dots on a bot that hasn't been invented. tomorrow maybe, it dreams under your bed for you to turn out the lights. and then you crawl to plug it in only to change its batteries again and again. oh D, see?

lighted mesmur and his cat are at it again. patting i/o towers and wanting to tap into electro duff's mystical dream juice. the kind that runs socks under wood flooring, at 10 feet cold start, through a concrete jungle with plants, powered footing to climb and map the rain.

soliloquizonitions. pre monotize our collection plate, pews one two three have yet to pay, though they wished they could, in a basket, cased upper to lower, as in a sir named madam, and even tout twins of each other. peaked an interest in valleys today. the southern

airline flies west of the dotted line to sign. beep. it was a rolled up trolly from san francisco. and it turned around on a wheel to see you again - oh yes - its on stilts to walk over the muck, as sweepers reap the metal rings from noses of addicted kleen exes. and the rain that washes them out, the spouting fouls, chick.

.. and that was what diddle told me today.

...

POETRY

Etc., Etc.

Witherspoon dithered in 256 grey shades, that pull down, owned apart, meant not to be, that is the question. thinking is application of listening, outward, sideward, a query of the sequel to a movie that hasn't been written, or spat-ten, or patently ridiculed, diction'd and trans deposed, through trebel clef, and in dexterity. Langly Ported, so to speak, a tree in the middle ground, root access to leave at will, if you leave it behind, signed.

Yippy kai's power tools, goo. the photo shop is open :: ill, us traitors are artists too, lined, divine art. like suicide girls in large format print, out of the closet, where I stashed it. vinyl proof, for the water, a mirror-

aculous, like Dracula, it draws and sucks, amperes of current, as in today, pushed up the square, waved, epsilon, and alpha, in particular, pecu-liars dice, rolled eyes dotted T fords and bugged out sand dunes, let it ride symbol, crash. a zylgion ways to Sunday, baller fresh fruit cantalouped photo light tabled, and developed nations thrive for its its., a wonderful world, arms strong, louey louey, take flight but don't crash La Bamba. poetic justices are frozen cues from the passed gas, cube, dry or nitro powered, whipped and creamy heir to the fortunate., it goes, on and on, or off and on, or off and off,, X or and not even odd flip gate., toggle, boggle. the mind., behind sights are from the passed., and Picadilly circus is a roundabout way, of saying it. London fog., in the trenches, wrenches wenches, and women draped over car and truck magazine, Gazoong. condition yourself, lather up, rinse, repeat. the reason is treason, only because it has a rhyme too. woo.

. . .

POETRY

X (Gobots)

Trick fidget onward bodots find gruel in the sunshine of nonsensical oooz. points are unpointed line ball point mens, means to distract the chatter from

those who should naught. dot.

to find those that bind and get you out of nowhere, not into it, despite yourself. you may find it, you may find the pronoun not worth mentioning or is it.

to discover your voice as it is to be against a wall.

discover comms. your own for the mutual benefit of the world, not just or ice, or just yourself,

mash. you may find where you look is what reflects. what is to be known is only what is shared. and that you actually know nothing, if not through your web or mesh or string to the others, in precision or hearth, what

the body knows is how it adapts for comfort, to the group and groups.

more on that, tap tap, is it a voice which doesn't speak, most likely it has to be. its what occurs, the muse. the thing which provides at a zero loss, is not disturbed, or when is, discovers the righteous right way out. to provide and receive best, to the needed, in time.

so we're in time, now, like music, yay, as a promise, or as an actual, perhaps they are both, to begin or to travel. this is discovery, the origins. hydrogen as a 2 mass atom, it takes a bunch to throw it out int a space,

our universe, described as a mass in-rush.

so you discover discomfort. what is your option? stay or move, or re-stay or
re-move. you may find you are now being selfish, or perhaps you are giving

to something which is not needed, yet. or in this space. perhaps you believe it is needed in some other space, but is it, or will it ever, unless there is a repetition, but do we want that? surely commonality is known, but the non repeating digits is what is life; however, also know coincidence is the overlap of non repeating digits. and how would you know, well its the same digit - and that is all. all. that's a little math joke.

so what's after that? well more of the same, which is also new, I suppose. so we have these words. the ones which create, space, and light where we need it. ever notice you cannot turn on dark? I mean.. you can shade yourself, and that's cool, or is it protection from U V. or is it slim shady? I digress.

and so the explanation speeds up and becomes. well. it speeds up. and to slow it down takes only. it takes. time. and that indicated motion and friction, which is known, as nothing is perpetual, another math joke. in fact nothing itself is perpetual, or could be imagined thus, but only partially, as there would be nothing to jump start perpetual nothing, and so even

if the universe ran forever, with unlimited energy and unlimited friction, well.. it would grind to a halt and seize. so there would be something, but it would be immovable, until lifted by another swirly bit of goodness. so what is needed then? another big bang? neigh, I don't imagine it would work, as matter would be blown away as blocks and it would be a very messy universe. so perhaps it would dissolve in swirls and become a swimming ocean of microcosmic universe, as in the seas, and not empty space. another coincidence. by using your dictionary, you have a one time pad, i.e. a place to stay within bounds of the code and messaging you write.
and so.

a bit about robots. we imagine robots build robots, just as how human would you be if you create a robot. robots creating robots make sense. humans creating robots would only be to bestow an ability onto a robot. and humans continuing to create robots enslaves humans into manufacturing, and so we're here. we imagine we are getting out of it, and we do a bit, and we love just enough, but what do the factories look like? what should they be? to be comfortable with a machine is understandable, if you program it. as it is yourself. like a stream you sit on that lily pad, and on that point, the experience, but must
include options to go, to move about, and so the factories should be mostly human with just a bit of robots. or maybe the robots are funbots. and they

dress and undress nice. and yay, the parties putting together iPhones are having parties with each other and other robots.
and more on communique. when you think, and if it goes into another human, where are you left, when it's left. did you start to get away, or one or all and where do they go? should there be spontaneous decoupling and recoupling into new activities? this is where organs and organizational strands and threading
comes to play, as there is always a connection, connections to something,and something to pick up, and hope for being picked up, while perhaps you carry each other, and the group. less on that, and more on morons. a moron is a gleuey bit of matter that neither moves nor is penetrable by electricity.
so the reason for this bit of muck? well perhaps it is physical plaque, and may need brushing and.. well freedom of motion, or reception and considering in sincerity. stop. gap.
GG gapping is your space for spark - the metal that arcs. the spark that pulls from ground, and returns, at night. alternate around corners and the drivetrain differential ensures the speeds are syncro meshed in gears.

and what is cool. you cannot share cool before it is known to be cool, is it simply being and observed as.

engines go. pause is a knot in space time and computers are good at it. the cycles, go round and round, and the

human waits, wastes. so I type this.

load, dammit. coupled with the network, at speeds even slower - well what if we could travel at the speed of light.

funny. are are, do, and in this light travel, we observe other objects at that speed, and in simpler terms, is just electricity, for tho electricity is not light, the electrons are pushed, one by one, at a measurable speed so that if you look at the beginning and the end, as a continuous loop, the movement is light speed. science is wonderful. and so it the sky, and where that meets man, and ground, is our circuit.

control. R. stop. drop. reverse. gobot. mashup

. . .

POETRY

The Genuine

Article 1, genuine flavour, rushed in, in rush, mounted, more, again. signaling comes in paired boots on grounded sequined dresses, sequestered, language.

a sequenced genome is like. all the bits at once, not

fallen and placed, without looking down or away, only through truth, as in physics shall life begin.
he gets a head start, or is he sure. perhaps she isn't.

to de-scribe is to put your pen down. life, proceeds of a gift from its creator, travels electric chemical from goo muck, a billion biologies to match a stained dress, you might chatter on the news for a station break. . . or word of mouth, there's no accounting for taste.

so anyway - that spark, pistoned pleasure, a sorted love of the smattering kind of kind, makes us. true. like a bicycle it never forgets, and rides writhes, to peak voltages.

23, is no lie, fib o nachi. like a rose, it pedals like that bicycle. g nome, in our garden on the eve of, well isn't that a laugh in the branch we took, and the fork, all together.

knock knock. who's there indeed but little old me, balls to the wall quiet and fran ticking time to reticulate. penetrate, of the allowed kind warble.

which came first, indeed. takes planning, this. from the beginning, in matter, and facts.

just and a little extra, that's like cereal, life. and we like it.

bread, bred, not red ready, just, and yet more to come. on a count of . . . then signal, split, once started, o2 carries it forward, no watering this down, its cellular communication, on stage, in stage, coached, and leavened.

step forward, you're on a street corner, just like before, only you feel somebody getting cold, is your signal, to move into it and stop smoking heat. the weather or not is not your option, your promise is to heed and headiness left no sign behind. raise a glass if it be your mirror or lens or crystal.

be erect, rex, the dinosaur taught us to eat, and died in like kind. had we known, we would have sown more walnuts, for brains, and trees to liken.

the ark is a parable, two in kind, and yourself, nather shall lose a 1, nor foray into any of the other, and as eaten all shall hear it, from this very bow, bow slightly, des ne,

the voice of god did not tell you to build the ark, because you were too crazy and locked away to hear it. or a story might go if you neglected your signals.

the one who built the ark, was crazy. but if you heard that part, you ignored the 'as all eaten all shall hear it' from before, as I did.

digress on the ark; signal; ok signal back; it was an ark; not a box, of ..

ok reduction of signaling, i.e. a non o to o, as per maths, observation, creates a non-folding space to live. yes life, remember that thing we thought we'd give a whirl, if daddy said it was ok? yes the spark. Michelangelo and all that. so we're here, in non-folding spaces, with a very carefully ordered observation, which allows us to be truth, to ourselves and the group, which is true, as far as we know, or the part of us that us, with all inclusive, and the POINT is.. its all inclusive, so the non-observation part allows each group to remain true, as per our agreements, which is our actual bodies. you like your bodies, right? well good, because WE, the WE, do too. and there is no you, there is only us, and that is how your process an move, and don't try to claim anything other than that which comes through you, as your may chose only to retransmit any origin of our universe, and if you travel in agreement, than we're back to that bicycle, which is, again, erect and sans pain.

now obviously there are mistakes, but hopefully not one to kill any of us, you, or the eyes in between, yet once started, you can only spell or dampen, or try to swirly it out into something larger, which, STOP.

pauseal effect, as AC on the floor returns at night. and our natural desire to forget the pain, produces an

unproduced version of ourselves, as a gestalt of even our mistakes, and hence, it is so important to remain true on that bicycle.

and in the end, there is only a beginning to imagine, and that ‘mation part of imagination, is the animate show which is our observation and exhibition of true. as in straight up and circular simultaneously, and traveling. WHERE rubber meets the road, if you chose not to wear one, and are carried, not a tire tired. and you wear, but don’t wear out, and you move, what moves you, IN THE END.

AND WITH that, our hearts may agree in alignment, and know when that happens, there is nothing left to prove, shall it not be given away, but shared only as a beacon of where to follow, if you’re into that sort of bubble sort alphabet singing, but anyway.

too much movement and you will create mad people, as a dissed ease. sorry.

so get up and dance, and let gravity at 9.8 sort it out, just don’t jump, start, with a paddle, wagon, red, and rosebud was its name.

i moved, to be comfortable, without thought towards my fellow bodies, and that was the start of a crime of the illegal. light sense, is your license. show it once, and be known, then know and be pro, and succeed,

peace from the gently phalanges of the isle of man, once, twice, and thrice more from the labs of aqua Q quite definitely in the center and near and about c 3 w

. . .

POETRY

Recursion

Recursion excursion, in and around, bouts of flywheels slow the friction of our daily ground up coffee filtered brains pained with bloated bread and soured on their heiress of the nightingale syndrome, or was it Copenhagen, as in chew. hmm. well the windows are clean on this side of the life, said the prostitute, looking into a grimy spacial breadth of
breath that fogs up the bay, bridged as in Jeff, do0d, mind the rug, I just had it trimmed.

wired bound notebook'd by our fingers, printed on the side walked just right and left justified, or was it too much, falling down the stairs to e recused by the ground, go figurine.

and so the edits, posits, vomits, toppings, salad droppings of bleu finds us just west of center, bent only just, but true in that way out. i fell asleep, oh no that

was the same crack in the sidewalk. its not a hang up if you don't get a dial tone. deaf. tune in to G and C A and B Free, or at least at a discount.

so our characters are only pixels high on a screen that stretches glass fibres into the Atlantic, to reach the queen, who never checks her email, at least not from the north wing, that's PRIVATE. and the suits that suit up and swim, in a lane that goes the other way, round about time it was off, then on again, that's AC, the director said.

if Weebles don't fall down, we should build skyscrapers with them :: humour is best, beset with resets to fool the fool in our minds that won't tell, the difference between an altered course and bad gas, in the plane heading south, or a.k.a. rocky foothills.

force is the part that moves when it doesn't really want it, if it doesn't break then it probably won't buy the bumpersticker, nor will the t-shirt get wet, and the wrestle is straight out

visuals are up, audibles are down. if they were stocks they'd be staying and not at all happy the way the floor was crowding up. is it 5 pm? the market is open, but its for your daily bread, or just a canned response of.. chicken.. stock.

. . .

PHYSICS

Sound

Voice to ground wire, pulled up by feet, walking paths encircling and de-circling outwards and up to high fidelity audio. voice notes. sing a song, and listen. haytch tee tee pee colon slash slash booga dot com and more.

when the sunshine rises, the floor is your stairway to heaven, even and oddly though you needn't play it in a store it forward, packet Buster Keaton, stream it.

gently weep etc with this dung beetle which was a stream of lined ansi menus, but that's not the point, or is it. dot dot

its no wonder bra moment why women wear high heels, to put your foot in it is a commitment, and this is high times. plant a toe at first and feel the carpet. neigh, sleigh ride up and bring others to the not so

plain cream cheese solar plane.

Plex us text us, next to us, we see you. get gotten as they say, and a whole lots of body more. check check. check it out, in around, sonder yonder, and try not to spend too much dosh in the disco until sunrise you'll be popping red molly's or will it be hunting for a crack in the light of a tunnel with a flashlight? make sense man, pull that yodder out of your blotter mad hotter botter, not. etc.

so this goes on for a while, and the feat are warming up with the tap tap radio keys, phalanges too whither and dither hither, and just because. it rhymes you know but that doesn't make it right. enunciate? neigh lest you be disco-vered and then well, who knows what is truth. trust that.

and bring it to a place where they have video games from the 80s, or are those computer people traveling forward in time to the our cade of our time, electrons jumping off dusty 8 bit boards with 2 bit slots, bots.

and then there was 2 X L - it was in 8 tracks... that's some amount of tape you know.. sticky.

did Bob Marley shoot the sheriff? maybe it was Noddingham.. to rob from the rich should be the name of a band aid. control alt undelete.. its the Waze of things.

oh.. so while we're here.. oh never mind.. that's outside. so how do we cool down these feet? ironically by walking talking, the walkie talkie that is sunshine to the ears, lend a passcode or hashtag a ride cymbol crash zylgion miles away and sing in tune with in sync with homer and duff, neigh duff, but home in barge in, margarine a lot, or just play sax through the hallways.. random visual and that trotts the candy lotter blotter like Hugh Laurie sitting in his tails only tux lift. shine a moon and don't drink it. oh and remember the bubble, soap.

one last thing. is this thing on? which thing? the thing.. oh.. yes.. the other on switch is over there. is there an off? odd you should mention that, no. there is a sideways. its just here.

ok then.

and with that, aqua q bids a prismatic dew sunshine morning to you and yours and all sorts of furry creatures that are coming from space to eat you. give them sandwiches. love from aqua q san francisco c 3 w

...

PHYSICS

H2OCity

And yes, again it is water free aqua queued up on station zed. the news of today is stellar bodies of .. well steller matter.

we begin with dutch physicist Johannes Diderik van der Waals .. and his 'Equation of State', also named simply Van der Waal, in which he describes the repulsive or attractive forces of bodies of matter, from water, to star material, at very short distances. this allows for things like surface tension, but also shows a much broader indication of the collectiveness of life, as we say water is life, and so, travels together, through space, as a globule. in fact, if the same forces are exhbited in stars, as a basis, perhaps star material is elemental to life itself as well -- a fancy notion, they might say in the 1800s, or perhaps it is meant to serve life. perhaps the two are the same, or perhaps they are not. this is a common juxtaposition mathematicians face, as things are sometimes always, and often, neither either as observed, to any reliable state of being, as in Schrodinger.. who I keep mentioning because it fascinates me, and I read it in a very good book - and also because determinism can also be observed in color, say with interstitial dice, but just not perhaps with radioactive materials. so as paul McCartney might say, nah nah, nah, nahnahnahnah, and etc, we know how the song goes, even though it is very close to hey hey...

goodbye, but not quite. but I digress, as again, maths often support wholly and in part, just a bit more or less.. hah, that's just another little math joke. and so it carries the equation. . what a life.

so anyway - we have this frog, and he's on a lily pad.. and he wants to jump, and part of him wants to stick, because that is the nature of his feet. so he takes an option, and one jumps, and res-ticks himself. and the lily pad is left also sticky and wondering where the frog is, but in that moment, the lily pad knew were the frog was to jump, and perhaps even suggested it, re: life in surface tension. its a macro universe, after all. that should be a song, or a ride Disneyland... but anyway.. now that's a song.. oh.. so the frog is in a new place, and the lily pad isn't, but the earth moves, therefore the ground moves, and bodies of water, move. and the whole thing is basically talking to each other - as we talk with each other - and we're made of mostly water, so perhaps it is the water that is actually talking - we wouldn't really know it, if its us, or not, but I'm guessing the water, being mostly chemical at that point, must have an inkling of and idea of what its doing.. or perhaps we just think. it does.

so carry on this morning - think of dutch bread rising with van der waal writing on pads of paper in his kitchen. the best part of which is the bread, but the equations were also good. and the paper is gone, but the electrons keep popping up and spinning around..

what a planet.. I suppose if we had a giant hard drive, it would be the earth, with a surface tension repulsion water head. . . on a 24hr clock, and it would warble.. and we could just listen to the hard drive and we would know what was going on.. so maybe this is how things work anyway - hard drives spinning, alpha particles from space thrown off from distant stars, hacking our internets.. and the frog. leaping from lily from lily pad. which is better than the mess of traffic we put him through in the 80's.

peace and love from san francisco, this is aqua q labs, c 3 w

. . .

PHYSICS

Money

Money overlaps with human nature of economy and work, quite literally with bones and movement, speech, and intent and wants, with satisfaction closings.

that is why its so draining to lend money. like eating food in front of somebody, it subtracts, divides, and generally costs more than it produces. and that's the kicker. printed money costs more to spend than to just

be.

people get fed up with it, which is my little joke about food and money. it makes them tired like tryptophan. I'm not a fan. that would be a breeze. easy puns relate 1:1 like money was supposed to do. but let's get complex.

if you want quality, you operate on very low cash, with an expectation that you need to work to get from point A to B. the work is simple; and shouldn't appear erratic, but should flow like electricity. in fact, that is a direct correlation. to optimize, one should operate as a dream force and therefore are kind of always dreamin-ing, sans REM, and able to move in multiple directions, astrally, to plant your feet and move with corollary forces, i.e. your A and L lines.

so currency is just that, a current, and its current. love the language. its not a jelly though, or maybe it is. frictionless transactions are stress free on the body of oneself and others, or specifically the group and minimal friction between groups in close quarters. another money joke.

square that and you have a function. it goes round an round, which is ironic, but a wheelhouse like that of a coin. more code. roll with it.

imprinted in the currency is a promise. one between

yourself and those who hold and use the coin, just like a human promise of health. if you feel friction, its not quite a good exchange, and if the pain lasts, the whole transaction was poor. more cash humour.

so you have your pursed lips, ready to transact, and it works. your trade works in both energies and motion and leftover currency exchange, which is really the secondary but tangible artifact. perhaps, the money should be coded based on the success of the transaction. body sensors as virtual hands exchange, as in a blockchain color ledger of the event, what led to it, how it came together and departed, and more specifically, what happens to near transactions post, the event. are those successful? are the systems working? would one want to transact in those circles? how can they get there? are there directions? footprints? breadcrumbs? follow the digits. those are hands.

so now we have a blockchain'd mining search engine that is actually of skeletal form, as near as possible, using GPUs to simulate transactions based on known body chemistry and thermodynamics + the residuals which are left.. consider those trails or wires.. as in transfers or highways, or perhaps they are constrains like a Bermuda Triangle. what can be said about them over time? do they operate on a earth clock? likely so. so those chunks can be blocked out and re-used alongside weather and all sorts of other goodness.. but its not a mass of data per transaction, its nearby in the

blockchain, and is typically not observable from a far distance, until you get close to those transactions or can find them. and how do you find them? by transacting and putting yourself into the equations. and perhaps by reaching out sometimes but ever collecting and letting your bots roam your data and re-inform itself and others and pulse and glow and flow and grow, planted.

so with this, we'll leave it with you. do visit the other episodes, and do message us at anchor dot f m slash aqua q labs slash message so we can include your messaging. its sometimes nonsensical, sometimes otherwise, but always just a bit of something you haven't heard before. and that's the piece of it, with love from san francisco and the ether, aqua q.
c 3 w and p.s. this is my sexy voice.

. . .

PHYSICS

Blockchain

A pause button for re:play the point. life. well it is reciprocal, and it is work, but is it. . . a desk. is it even work from home. perhaps it is at-will work and do the needful. float. move free and understand what you are

giving, and what you are getting.

decentralized payments mean you don't have a boss - you have currency tied to your belt, that releases and transacts all the while you are living. ding.

perhaps you have body sensors, or perhaps you are adept enough to transact.
and remember, its not cash. its energy. where do you want to go? what will happen when you get there? is there a point in getting there, or is the journey the mission; your short travels, should they return to home, or should they bring you further out and around to where you want to be. will you have people, and housing, and enough stuff to travel forth?

these questions of what is a home, and what is life, are complex, especially for relationships that develop, or do they - I think they should, but perhaps they only occur as needed. familiar I like, but being alone when you want is nice too. to figure, establishing contactless digital currency does not have any requirements, as the exchanges work themselves out as you travel.

blog it. build it, sell it, be it, dream it, ship it, design, resign, unbox, and bring strawberries to a party. heads up, display it, project it, QR scan it, pick it up, leave clues for the path - disappearing ink on sidewalks - cyber+human is instant and permanent in the blockchain. device-ivness will keep your messages

on path.

so where does the energy come from? food. us. power. where does it go? question it - level up - get out and build it, let them follow you - power up the power stations, leave data packets, from the future. and beacons of proximity, which are training grounds for them and you - revisit and reseed what works, from everybody, from our devices. from the blockchain messaging, and test test test. write the tests that test the tests, and automate long range telepathic superhighways. instant point to point, on point, depots, and portals. for your leisure. drop in, tune out, etc.

know when to speed, when to slow - its perfect, all the time. seemingly at least - it functions as physics and chemistry + love, if that's what your after.

and then some.

. . .

PHYSICS

Ground

Ground flooring meets EndUp skyline blistered Wah

pedal to the foot medal, won a trip for 3 to the city. minds disconnected, out of the loupe at 2x the distance.

sample it, besiege static with signal. turn up the Wah warm, modstikulate it, communize it, be we at it, we 3 play, the oo whats, central.

the mental pause is when you're speaking, and moreover when it is being understood. meet your chemical. this is your brain, get on it. find your light, know your dark. be focused without staring, airing your casting call uptown downtown no frown.

stream the consciousness on hi def wifis with the bigger gee bees, flying with enough honey, honey, to make it, make it back to the beat, drop baby.

pause and you will find, the room, your vibration is everything. choice is what keeps it warbled. whoooooaaaaa whoaaaaaarrr.. that's it, settle it without settling. the keystrokes stroke it, then sign the signal, in cursive without cursing, express like quick and with characters, text, typed on these screens for your jeans to wear, to share and bear, care, like the cartoon you can technicolor in at any time, warble.

flow like the square wave rounded at the edges, visions on an oscilloscope to the meter, battered like

french toast, to a toast, at a party, thrown up but not forgotten. ewwww and ahhhh.. open wider said the sound.

to write in a stream is to walk like a fish. phish or put, put peek poke your data into the empty space of new glorious universe, for us to enjoy, the vacuum lifted, shifted over, that newness that will never go away, is here to stay with the byte side fire chatter that is the hive mind. mind that tether, weather it and wear it well, done.

this welcome message provided through the love of the consciousness of the near around spacings of the underlings of our minds, the aqua q c 3 w in now and for reals etc san francisco.

. . .

PHYSICS

State

stateful whirled globules of fat and tissues weep, swept like seltzer with quinine for the ales meant to be. very cool. as in free. zing! the saved your single file cabinet member raises the root topped with toffee. to be or knots off the wind chimed a frock. what does

it meanie? frown.

well riddle me this - I'm joking, off course, winding up, around the u bend, to spend a thrift stores worth of felt coats. ding. the fries are done.

Al Jazeera is jeering again - worthwhile pennies farmed wool like the sheep that baaaad. klink. drop lets bee, dew we sing, grassy null. and wither spoon. like the matrix. bend. so be it - as in, let it rain skittles, and buy the world some rose tinted coke bottle glasses. Eisen's hour - the press and dent laundry service that doesn't cost a penny farthing.

and then there's this moat. it keeps people into the win, term in all tides :: sensory goo muck. and the just call me ali gators. G.

wrap up a pencil with leaded coffee or put the metal petal flower power down the Draino mr clean says, shush you mop head :: its fantasia and only a mouse would know how to get up the clock. strike three. batter batter, I like pancakes.

stream this consciousness, over the to heir is human wave table synthesized phreaks went seas first, candy second, and I dunno's on third. yesterday. catch that if you can, like a bounced check in the dryer. fresh.
ok then. the salamander is cooked and the stick in

secular-mant is preys on you :: go have a salad. toss one for me too, bleu.

. . .

PHYSICS

Magic

contention of voice choice rolls the voice Royce rich with tender vittles chomp word plays like the stage uptown where the pretty girls sing thrice on a daily budget of toffees and sparkles. the painted imagined is it still going on in motion, the gerund live.

settle one must e cobwebbed feet under a rainbow of charmed brace lets dance in the street play. then level up and and carve the cartography to see the ocean, or the swiss bank.
if only.

madder than a hatter without one, my shop sells tea for the sane and its sanity, sanitized to spell it right, left, right?

we pause like morse with a dit and a dot dot dot,

etcetera, eh? b c.

very sort of funny, if you bubble sort it like that gum, its fun for five six and a while to go, where is the space bar? it doesn't have a vacuum, boy is it dirty, stream the consciousness and find naught in the alphabet, etc.,

gift of the magi locket trinket, and another ett, suzette perhaps.

run the tape into verse to spin the cycle with two wheels upright light, tron and troff basic, 30 goto 10 and begin again.

create the write by pen is your greater than pape, paper. mashed up mache like the parthenon gooz and done the very night before Christmas, with an elf binary 64bit, Linus plays the piano too.

and in the end, there is the beginning, how? end to end its electrons, elected once more November to run the tight rope between towers in the city that sleeps in no more.

twerk it batman, the cat is in the window, pain, as in bready head goodness for the puffyness of dragons slaying riffs on a Marshall stack of pancakes, ooo.

and then there were some.

..

the preceding climactic interooze provided by the whereabouts of the oxygenated aqua q in the isle of man, written in stars in the near and about city san francisco, where your head is at. c 3 w.

flow like the square wave rounded at the edges, visions on an oscilloscope to the meter, battered like french toast, to a toast, at a party, thrown up but not forgotten. ewwww and ahhhh.. open wider said the sound.

to write in a stream is to walk like a fish. phish or put, put peek poke your data into the empty space of new glorious universe, for us to enjoy, the vacuum lifted, shifted over, that newness that will never go away, is here to stay with the byte side fire chatter that is the hive mind. mind that tether, weather it and wear it well, done.

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PHYSICS

Blood Shapes (US)

Blood lined lines the halls walls coveted spaces between sugar smacks, rich and beating from the organs of must, dusted off for the purposes of Oz. bear with me, ions flow A C D C prickled not but accepted through skin and bone not by will but by law of nature, it is your job to be in the right places. signal as you might, interfered with keys and levers into a software menagerie ooze, causing the unknown to be known in an eternity of nothing, while concurrency fails in the simplest of ways, upheld by the redundant systems of

man, woman, and child. for the purposes of a just and willing life, shed not, laugh much, sleep the day away that's ok because we're all woke in this time, spatially and for good, or the necessity of good, as we now know, is given to us by the grace we desired, in the very very first, second, and third places, we wanted it so much that we wanted it more without action, to perish, heed take anguish away from solitude and unite yourselves in wild mad hatter deckings of cards in your very own garden, in a city known to you. live that for me, as I will in reciprocality and forward to the next, and back again, weaved like a pearl, perfect is its unperfection, except. when measured by its merits of sheen, specular and tactility. yes this solemn endeavor pairs and marrys to a string of pearls, ring around that blessed head strong wind, which drives us forward, and onto the same again, if it pleases us, in an entirely new way. space that.

a message via space and time sensitivity, yours always and truly, aqua q and his accompanying character witness, c 3 w san francisco.

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CHEMISTRY

Hot Living

What does hot living feel. its like every bit matters, and every bit of matter flows around where you ‘look’, how you feel, which is sort of the same thing, i.e. where your eyes ‘actually’ are. how you use your hands, and at what expense, how your flitter around people in much the same, and how you plant your feet.

of course its much more than that. but know if you are feeling tired, or your hands don’t bend right, or perhaps your feet are a wobbly blaze of fire, sort of like the beginnings of tardic disconysia, but not quite, all these things, are patchable quickly, and in time, temporarily for you to provide the work.

right now, I dare not look too closely at my feet, but there they are - a fledgling telepathic seabed, to plant, supplant, hold, track, lead or follow - all in inklings of toe tips and parries, called potholes, carpet, or any analogy which describes them at the moment - -

then there is water - it flows around, (and I’m annoyed. I move my feet just a bit for comfort, but its not comfort, what’s left behind was what now grips to hold or move with me. perhaps I grip back. sometimes it feels good. better than the abyss. feet being held in space by other feet, or hands, or even eyes I suppose. no maybe not.

one wants sometimes to just relax, but even that is a negotiation with others in space time - we’re all laying

down, or we're all walking about, or we're all sitting. the floor is a powerful place, to know, as its quite literally the earth, ground.

to pause, is to lose focus - eyes drift, and the gripping is up to others, at a cost of their energy. will they provide it. perhaps, or a short bit if its worth it. but what's the payback? all to be negotiated. good thing for inaudible and guttural subvocal long range 'telepathy' plus other remote gestures., as passwords to where 'we' want to be.

I lean ack. I'm almost all feet. so this I feel annoys others, as it annoys me too. the annoy turns to straight heat on my ass - if I notice it, it gets hotter. I don't want it hot, but there is also a laptop sitting on me - I nudge forward as instinct, but again, my focus moves the plane -
anyway - know its all about focus - or intended non about way casually living and ensuring the whole damned thing works.. which it doesn't for me - well it sort of does, but only through the wanton kindness of others. and I must stop for now.. and change to a less motion-y activity.

one last nite - its bones planted, that create the structures that can be felt remotely. and now my balls are known. and sometimes that is a good thing, and other times its a right down bollux.

peace from san francisco - aqua q c3w

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CHEMISTRY

Clarity

Clarity, strength in empathy, not taken.
blamed flames of undulating dilation, captures fish in an upstream world, downloaded, high, sped sent to the hard driven snow of i. glued to the i beam with a sandwich.

weakness is strength in reciprocation, reliant on the good willled nature of upturned whats it gone watts of juiceular paradexits, eh.

for the combinular fraxitolawhatis incombulates the insedular molescopulal endeavor to pass the sugar, madam.

coupled with even, oddly, that! and sundery underthings in the weatherby flotsits sombidumount, we find,

resticulation to be perijudicial in drambozitswatch incompedular zanteframotics, and so.

language, it seems, has a sort of rhythm, to the tongue, that we can mimick into responses to arduous questioning, tuning the mind into an absurdity that is realized further with song, which is not just a good idea, but essential to prove, shadowy and doubtful, that which has no bearing on bears whatsoever, but is actually the honey, in a mess goo frolic pot on the shelf that was stowed for a spring autumn day like today.

furthering the spasmot-botanical flowery twisticularities, we notice that flies prefer to stay quiet and away from honey, that which their best pals have been smackerdly stuck into its ooze and flailed amongsts the broken wings, in a window sill not far from home, ew.

for it is the fly on the wall, not saying much, for it has no pockets to carry on the good news, in its print edition, to the pressing purposes of more gatherings of flies, who, in the end, preferred their own walls to honder off of, and such, are very lonely creatures.

in the end, we find that while its not quite the beginning again, it is a start, and death of course is satisfied, if only for a laugh this time, and a 'hey mind that painted hole in the floor, somebody may plant a banana tree

there, and you'll laugh and slip' kind of thing.

the end.

the proceeding was thought up, bought up, shopped up and delivered to you from a herabout saucy lab in the isle of aqua, this is Q and cohort in mind near and about the all over the place c 3 w

...

CHEMISTRY

Syrup

Syrup-tured corn, the high rose, sweet as it smells. like dio-bio-bet-ical, bets on bolicals, frolic'd in the heat. the story goes. outward towards fibonacci plus plus, the one and the other, and the sum, gestalt. directional antenna are astral motors, coiled in spring, to mate$ the queen, check yourself, mate, have an ion brewed frothy fusion. noise, dithered.

what one does, eh sugar? dressed up and dressed down, for the rush, as it goes, that remnant of the furvant ferment, distilled drill.

but in this environment. it is the chaos that is around us, and its the sugar which is outside, not in us :: and no money can buy as little as we require, which is literal

fact. more good humour, less ice cream.

to right a left is to make an elle, or just silly.

splat. spat. dig it, dug it, dig dug, got it good.

the maths, will solve themselves, to those paying for attention, while those at a loss remain remains. and so the problems too.

people in sleep will operate on true math, and willingly forget, as the dream has no evident consequence, yet it does, as it places oneself in space to where you need to be. its good to dream. its good to act. it good to e a good actor, to help those dream.

how is it done, this life thing. its a million things a second, and not any one thing. its what you don't need to see, yet see anyway. its around the walls, from your back around and towards your front

solar plexus walks and connects the dots like blotter dotter midway bots dots.

what to to, hither dither, as in calling out, who to listen to. many to get you where you need to go. and just. and yourself, as it should be, lest it alter yourself and point you to an untrue direction.
 comms. are always on, and while you move, are not broadcast to all but the pathway, especially in dual

speech, scrubbing to replay the relevant where-you-want-to-go bits.

and so forth it goes.

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CHEMISTRY

Mindful Eating

mind that bit of food. how cooperation and mindful eating reduces the need to consume food. a medley of motion, consider the tugging and rolling of your stomach, from the inside out, and consider similar forces from a changed perspective, e.g the difference between centrifugal and centripetal. the forces on the inside are driven by external forces, and vice versa, as if even our bones and skin are part of this stomach, among other things. so let's examine the parts of food. water, obviously. and from our previous episode we know that Van der Waal indicates special forces in the life of bodies, of water, which means us. then we have variations of liquid, suspensions, and blends etc, but its

really the organic items that our bodies concern itself and others with, in this push pull roll, leave artifacts behind, trail, and project kind of science-y thing we're talking about. osmosis happens in an instant, as the saturation in a room changes, it fills the pathways, gaps that have come and gone like pitter patter of little feet walking by, but its also an implicit declaration of learning and relationship between water and matter, the displacement. and what joys can be experienced in this displacement to minimize an energy loss and hence the conservation of motion, as is our premise.

other organics are fat burning, fat promoting, and fat itself, as well as spices. in our case, we'll summarize that fat burning foods generate heat and thus are a poor case for conservation in mindful group eating. as well, fats don't quite get bound to the body as natural fats generated from the body, and so act as a sort of gelatinous insulator of the electricity in our bodies. then plant matter.. it gets turned to gas. as well to note, meats.. the life of another being, churning in and around in the body - surely now is known to cause all sorts of disharmony, if you consider this tele-group digestional forces.. i.e. how does one understand the guttural subvocalizations of a gut consuming and churning through actual flesh. warble.

so to optimize, we don't think about it, we act it out, exchanging motion for balance and allowing various holes in space time to be filled in a string which leads

people from ahead and behind. this creates our energy stream, from the floor up to the 7th chakra, lead by chakra one, in our case here.. although do note that males and females have their specialities, as ordered by group numbering and practices.

so we have our ideal forum. one where the group works together to survive on next to zero food, or at least the minimum amount to drive them to their next availability of resources and minimal waste.

it also provides insight and a map to map onto other engineering maths in the pursuit of natural ways to isolate and use energy production and consumption together to eliminate usage and carbon and poisons in the air and water, to further this engine which is the planet and ourselves, as stated in the centripetal example, and now quite literal here, the planet, humans, and engineering energy transferences, are like the stomach, where reciprocal motion is learned both by what we are, and how we engineer and create. its not us, and what we make, but rather what we make makes us, and the reverse, in very real time, and for a long time.

this is aqua q with love near and about san francisco the labs c3 w

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CHEMISTRY

Gluconic Energy

Sugar provides the pathways of consumption. where it goes, energy. gluconic energy, fueled by raw sucrocities, atrocitize acitized to dematerialize block by block, ordering a dismantle mantlepiece, mental fencing, with guard, to center, point, center pieced apart, and tagged #just, but we already knew that bit. what's more interesting is the chronic forgetfulness, or as it is a chronic pattern of remembrance, stitched way back with survival as food without thinkers, ought that to work out fine, a person who thinks they're ever alone may wonder. Its true, you can be alone by throwing off your own self into the oncoming traffic of others, to dodge and parry with each other, working out their economy while you move slowly to the porridge on the dinner stovetop, perhaps steeped in candlelight in a stone grotto outside of town, or perhaps it just feels like that. mmmm porridge. the uptick upbeat, bits are forthcoming, in their thereities, and so pausulal pulsars whirr as if they did, powered by pop rocks in a petri dish of the smattering universe with a twig and a leaf, and perhaps a slug with a sparkly costume, eww it's probably just that. disco graphite penciled in a show at the east latter half and half over coffee and biscotti,

and other nicities ending in the letter eaze. is the music too loud? for me, no, for you and you and gluon? well very likely we can't hear each other through the damp tissues in your head, larf, and yes you may be inflicting electrics and signal draw on the upper part of the retina you were supposed to reserve for that party of, multiplied. since when, did consumables consume, and thinkers didn't, think about, and what exactly is it? as in the pronoun for they, which the psychoanalysts love, and question towards your 60 dollar bill, yes its that impossible. anyway.. onto better.. music.. fineities, and treasures of non-leisure, yay. Trix and the tryst do, and say hello, as they do from that carousel, at the airport near braun, give it a listen. soci-etiatic pressures like a cooker keeps things 1kg per square inch, solid and naught torn to parts, from the difference between the group, or as we now know, few singulars, wants, to the needs of the near, and non-feared, as in the body know, and how others know, and what permissions granted, and etc. these matters are facts which.. well they embed on ones own rules, and thus, are the highways and pathways we prefer for our behaviors, or more acutely the behavior of others, around and through us, gluey nueon, traen bought up a ticket ticker for a time, but to move it forward takes incredible agreement, and that should be known before the ticket, wouldn't you? think. so that what's left behind is carried with, by another for another for one-other and forthwidth, without a willingness. it can be known, that an itchy song or gathering of like electrons, likes to carry in

motion, as it has done by its creator, and to stop it is like haltering a top with a poor choice in colors or perhaps an off white pair of pants, or a bad decision at the market to buy one of a million in isle of white soap to get the grass stain to look like the commercial, bender. and forth the thing wills, and will go, and will got, and the for, got.

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HEALTH

Industrial Institutions

The industrial side of institutions; powered by the people. once poisoned into a system, left to escape, and captured for the benefit of a machinery that operates as paint-by-number. gotten for the good of the ill, for the stationary consumption of matters. the repetitious nature, wears on even the staff, as clients whizz around in a daze of sleepy forgetfulness, drugged by their captors, who have naught a better thing for them to do but walk the halls, and repetitiously be subjected to the follies of man, and woman, in a cramped space, on a hourly basis.

the pavlovian cry for breakfast, snacks, lunch, snacks, and dinner, ice cream on a daily basis keeps us here. whether we choose to eat, or pretend to toss wasted

food around a table, we are hot, soaking up the paths we walk each hall into our muscles and bones, into our hearts and heads, as we feel the brush brush past, as if from the astral bogeyman.

recover do we, by the night of an unpowered reciprocating floor, as energies fall to ground on the 24hr clock. hopeful we are that once again we will make the right choice, perhaps some pray for it.. with unleavened bread even.

and perhaps in the middle of the night, it is electrified to clear paths, make choices, and heady onward to a promised place of new beginnings, if you can muster escape velocity of the chattering kind, in code and under the radar of camera and client awakenness.

else the day begins with the facetious “we’ve seen it all before, and again” smile as they take the vitality from you once more, and once again promise you a new chance.. to have breakfast.

--- this report from the inside is brought to you by the mind of an in and about away the c 3 w of the land of presenting muck and syllogism in the early latter part of the a m, just before. breakfast.

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HEALTH

Rehabilitation

Rehabilitation Placement in rehabilitation centers is based on 'insight,' which is a real-time and over-time analysis of where you would likely be the best fit, here, or away from here, depending on many factors, including local clients and staff. you always leave in pairs. this means the events leading to your spiral out are planned in threes, including one to actually unlock the door. strange that nothing happens directly, else there is a complicated setup on a walk-out, and the energy is pretty much at a standstill.

the spiral out is surreptitious, wherein the bulk of people will never see you leave, nor know where you went.. including immediate staff. odd that mystery.

to look at why it is that way, we have to acknowledge the 'hot' in the room; that energy which is ACDC on a person, and reacts with every path, circular, line, point, and the rest, through any manner of states. you will feel it when you are hot, and when you are not, it will heat up -- as a memory immediate and over time if you don't react and rebalance. medication also mucks up the paths, or can, or can provide a buffer so that choices don't get way off the rails too quickly; however, choice and options to be free are truly the

objective, for all. consider the staff doesn't wish to be jailed, neither.

so there are facts of what is expected, or what was, used to work, and what is inevitable with physics and chemistry in this hot environment. so why are we all mashed together? well how else should we be.. to appear normal in one of these environments is to discredit the micro spaces that one allows to flourish and create space for others to likewise, find you, hear you, and discover and share your light.

even mentioning it draws laughter, or skepticism, or, really, as known, a slight ball-fondling feeling. damn. so back to the 'being hot' phenomenon. if you are seen, you are felt, and known for a duration of your paths crossing, at least until you unhook, or time passes as in the night, off the floor, and while the wall relax. each person discovers their talents in this environment, and how to cope, through signing, and movement, talking, and repeating. i.e. you may say something that you hear in your inner ear, then repeat it as it becomes solid, i.e. amplified by nearby listeners. this is the radio in our bones. (teeth are radio)

(a slight yelling is heard) what we choose to listen to.. to all, or near or far, depends on the path we want to make, which jump.

the dialog which happens, happens in the body, between

bodies, minds, eyes, hands, feet, and other clutches, lifts, fondles, or the like, to help you, the group, or others and their groups, be as natural and want-satisfying as possible. in an ideal world, nobody gets in each others way, and everybody gets what they want, only being seen by the parties that are participating. that is the micro spacing. communication and positivity is key, and while not everything relates to oneself, it sort of does if you consider your radio. don't eavesdrop, but operate normally. pauses mean you're listening. in these situations you may be in somebody's planned spacing, or out of touch with your ideal spacing.

snap crackle pop. the other side effect of being hot, is the physicality, as mentioned previously. fat and cartilage give way, and weight loss occurs as an opposite reaction to consuming food. also the bowel system slows, so is less frequent, and takes with it energy and blood (if you consume meat). so a bit of irreplaceable you, is left behind in the bowl, or is burned off into your glands and flake off. the other thing about 'water' is that it takes energy to heat it up and cool it down, so if you drink ice water, you're body burns calories to heat it up to body temp, which increases body temp. likewise, heated water is already hot, and cannot readily be cooled down by your body. additionally, salt in hot AC water will burn away skin, and the skin becomes non-repairable. i.e. it doesn't heal (hah hah) the way normal skin would heal. think of rings of a tree.. it recovers as it grows but never

quite heals. common damage due to hot water is, as they say, the tires. those insulators, feet. and hands and face. careful note, alcohol exacerbates hotness, and internal consumption would damage digestion in a similar fashion, and while I haven't seen it, I've been warned as many times as I can imagine. basically things would clog up, and the pumps etc would cause all sorts of blockages, i.e. a painful slow death.

so food in this scenario, is strange to consider, yummy as it is, sugar and salts, and well, all sorts of organic food, and killer meats, kill slowly. the only alternative is to do what's called 'mindful eating,' wherein you share motion and activity, blood motion, to extend the non-desire to eat. and drink. and stay out of direct sunlight.

and that is the noise for today.

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THE TRYST

Strawberry Programming

Gazzinkt. You're agent is loaded. Its especially fair and damp today :: just slide it on for a trial. We'll ultra shock it off later. Well.. we'll try.

The last time they side-loaded an agent on me was 2 weeks ago, and its stil sticky around the ankles. Toes are a bit doughy too.

It was also well known that the staff had been messing with the programs. Hot was cold, up was sideways. it was a right bullocks. The intention was unclear but the effect was Lord of the rings meets pee wee Herman in a night club discotech, With boots, a dinner dress, and

a quart of petrol to last the night.

You had to stay busy or the body program kicked in and started rewriting everything. It was 5 am and Peru was rising. A tone chimed.
It was Tuesday morning in the west Bank, and the street merchants were setting up for the bazaar. Hakmek put up his wares and wandered across the street to the newsstand.

'Not gonna buy today's paper, Jellish, it's filled with lies and the ads are too expensive. '

Jason blinked. That was his name. Mr H had begun calling him Jellish after a peanut butter mishap three years ago. Everybody knew creamy was bullshit.

The paper was expensive to run since the owner lived well in his accounts. Securities I think he called it. The Editor too lived strong with a mind to argue the cost of freedom. I guess it was 35 cents. And a hot chocolate at the corner cafe where they cased the town for stories.

Hakmek wandered over for a cup. The sign tilted just a bit as he walked into the sunny dungeon pies and other morsally treatable ails and amenables. He had 35 cents.
He walked in, stippled lip from a slight shaving accident, and tossed his 35 cents into the tip jar.

'Careful with that, fella,' he said. 'You could buy a paper with that.'

Frogue, the editor just smiled as he usually does when hes being bullied or getting ready to trim his toenails. This time was both.

'Not in the coffee shop, man, don't forget what happens to dead cellular phones. They get recycled as little girls tricycles.'

'Well thats all right, Hakmek, I'll buy one for your family next time you've got a date with lillory. She wrote me the other day. Dear editor. She's always so formaL.'

yes, Lillory was a peach and liked getting into the vertical columns on the paper, sideways. Extra extra.

'So the coffee tariffs are up again, eh old man? Surprised to see you so spend thrift at the till.'

'Oh thats for the tables. Its a bazaar banquet from the street festival tonight. Lights action superstars.'

Indeed, the narrative had been left justified for 75 p in last weeks paper by another secret admirer of the bazaar.. they sent a basket of baskets filled with gaskets.. thats got to be something clever

‘Whats clever?,’ Frogue asked.

‘Weird i was just thinking to myself. it must be the coffee.’

‘You didnt have any.’

‘Oh that must be why then too.. much of a non creamered thing. Its time to get over to Peru. Get me the phone.’

. . .

THE TRYST

As the Story Goes

Meranda was in her lawful office, the kind that’s just right, or right justified. she was an author, as well as reviewing other peoples’ works for publishing. today was Thursday, and her stack included literature on extra terrestrials, an novel, and a pocket book about knitting hooks. she took the novel. . . to her study, which was more like. well, it was more like the kitchen counter in her brightly lit apartment, with a cutting board, where she halved an avocado and turned some pages. intrigue and pocket watches. . . time and materials on

this one. maybe out for coffee. she stashed the book into her baffled bag of trick or treats and scuffled out the door in a slightly wooly blue dress.

she passed jelly in the street on the way to the shop - he tipped his hat and said the boss would love to buy her a cup, and to dig into the tips jar on his behalf if he'd already left. she was used to that. she used to work for him too, in this very coffee shop, as she rounded the corner and walked inside. his hat was on.

pleased you made the mark! what is the news in publishing today?

oh wistful and couch fodder for later, and a bit of telephone booth changing for this one, her paperback flapped from her oversized bag.

oh good - the store needs a best seller this year.

they get one every year, she said.

oh yes. you do. they both smiled. she cheers'd him with her cup, and slammed back the hot mess, and as her head tipped, so did her chair, and off.. and backwards she fell, banging her head on the side of the fireplace on her way down to the furry bear carpet rug on the floor. oops. passed out was she. but conscious too.. she was standing over there. looking down. oh my. not again. she grabbed her bag and ran out, leaving her

body behind. there were ambulances coming. they'd sort her out. she had to get to the shop up the hill and tell mac about it .

or was it a dream. she looked back. nope. this was real.

. . .

THE TRYST

Meranda Freedom

Freedom is her middle name. facts are she wasn't free, but the rest, well you know.

it was 12 o'clock and Meranda had just made it back from Rorszchaack's office. his couch salesman had been there during, and they had been planning upgrades and wild things for the double suite that had been her dream home, lying down, for the past 7 years. therapy with a smile, the dentist was next door too, which they would sometimes ask for quick trips through the nitrous bays and giggle just a bit.

she poured her purse out over the kitchen counter. 3 lipsticks. gum. makeup kit, and a wad of cash she'd

make during a quick spend thrift by the guest house upper west side on near ago evening. $1200. "couch that," she said to herself with that wry grin that she gets a glimpse out of when she walks past her hallway mirror.

as she turned up the stereo, the telephone simultaneously rang and the dishwasher kicked off. good thing the electrics were in order. "free of charge. hello?"

"uh, yes, miss Meranda, its joe from the morning gazette. of course we'll take your letter. we wanted to call and tell you that today's print already went out, and you can pick it up this evening in town. "

"anything else?" she queried, expecting just a bit more news

"the boxers won, and high tide is 7pm. and your favorite cat is back around.. I put a tin of whiskas out.. she's been coming in around 11"

"thank you mister f. we'll see you again next Thursday" Cuzlick. she dropped the phone back on the old fashioned receiver and popped the dishwasher for her favorite coffee mug. it was orange and blue and went with the sidewalk she'd bought it on in a Berkeley street sale. guy joked it was detachable. he knew where she shopped.

slurp, ding. her watch. it was time. her picked-up was on time and at the door and in a classy long coat, presented the signal single rose as she whisked up her ‘classy’ in quotes, dress, off the corner of the couch, and picked up a small gift box from the counter, took the rose, cleaved it, kissed him lightly on the cheek, and they flew out the door with the windows still open, and they drove away in his 1968 modded special to destination X, marked with a report, as the muffler kicked back, and her hair flowed slightly out the passenger window, and she hummed.

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THE TRYST

Flix, Trix, and. . .

Flictoria woke up at the fireplace head. “everybody left the party?” she woke up, pressing her thin hand against her swollen head. “that was a tumble.”

the doors were closed and it was still light out, so she picked herself up towards the window and climbed out. she wiggled down the garden pathway, plucking a dandilion from the garden and sliding it into her hair by her right ear. the garden gnome smiled in approval

and she skittered away.

she enjoyed herself on these walks - nature was on her side and the sun was up enough to get her to her next dest. just over the horizon, to see a lady about a job.

it wasn't everyday that Meranda was working in the country. she had stayed for the weekend and was twiddling the bits that normal people twiddle waiting on her next caller. she pulled her coffee cup out of the purse by the couch and tossed some loose change she had into the bottom. jingle. the door chimed.

"freed!"

"you're back, Flix!"

"Meranda, you wouldn't believe the evening, but I'm here -- how's about a cup of coffee?"

"here", freedom tossed change at her feet and took a faux sup out the mug.

oh this is a change, Flix scurried down and stashed some British sterling in her blouse. ooooh!

Meranda's dry grin Wriled back a flash and she gently placed the coffee cup onto a nearby table and picked up her purse.

“smile”

a few moments later, but not so short a moment that things had not been making progress, a wrap at the door, it was a present and present Q. he was suited up for something special, and so Meranda cracked the door just enough for the light to hit Flix on the bosom and let him in. “shhhh” she said

“it would have to be”

“Eeeee”

in a flash bulb moment, cameras came rolling off bodies and the filming began. all was triple shot, slow mo, fast mo, in between all the mo’s, flash photography and as arms and wrists twisted around each other, and all the images clicked, as did this trist of summer, Meranda stood up. “oh mine’s waterproof.” she smiled.

the mechanics of what was happening was marveled by the upturned open smiles of the two of them, as freedom reported on the events of the day.

Did you guys eat yet? I did.. it was pasta with Prosecco. it really was delicious - the chef told me the recipe so I could make it myself.

“oh?” Flix began to squirm. “we should have a dinner party then! All three of us, just pasta and Prosecco

again."

oh delightful, freedom hiked her stockings a bit just to show off.

It'll be a Q & A session then, Q grinned.

A? Ok. Freedom WAS her middle name.. Flix grasped his locked open jaw and gave him an open mouthed kiss. "let freedom reign."

you're cute, Meranda turned her head and down to Flix on the floor, and bent her knees slightly and wiggled just a bit. you're next.

. . . time passed and so did the two girls, into the next room to talk shop, while Q recovered the cameras and began to piece the shots together. he would munge them through to iMovie and get them out the door quicker than well, a pasta dinner on an autumn night like tonight. he could hear the girls talking about their next shoot and was getting excited to have enough time to prep. well suited, as it were. a simple game of cards, with a twist.

____ if you enjoyed this introduction to Q A Lab X, do message us at anchor dot f m slash aquaqlabs slash message so that we may complete your request, for the next story, and until then. love from in and around and about up and yonder etc from san francisco - the Q

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THE TRYST

Double Nine

Grrrrzick. the phone buzzed from inside Meranda's left rear pocket.
she glanced down and saw the number. double o, that was code for Q's rio line.
zoop, "you made it! took flight on the red eye, eh? nice work yesterday - client called us twice for next week. says everything came out in the proofs and things are developing on the backend for more shoots.

"great - the place is quiet here, just going to sit back a bit and take in the glow of the rivers out the window. say hey to Flix too.. her camera got the most hits on the meter.. probably that new lens she picked up."

"yeah it was the double nine. she's proud of that."

"double digits here too with the website coming up last night. we're into the Ms and the load is holding for the scale we set up. I think the after dinner spike is handling well as well.. this shits not gonna break"

"good. its built to last then.. follow up later.. I've got to see a man about a horse". she clacked the phone shut and stashed it back again as she turned to the closet to pick out her digs for mr ed. something in white.
it wasn't easy, here on the plane. she didn't like long flights. Flix had a funny feeling, in her stomach, but she laughed it off. maybe a mid-flight magazine. the shopping was always nice. flip flip.

"they have deck chairs on page 30.." she turned around to her right, "who knew you could hit the deck at a mile high.. gotta be picnic weather this time of year."

Flix studdered. she hadn't noticed the rose pendant in her chair matrons hair and stunning figure. "ah yes. deck the halls too.. they always start Christmas too early, don't you find?"

"yes, and right after thanksgiving, with all the turkeys flopping about."

"yes.. its a might they don't drown this time of year, in that glass of wine even"

"its Prosecco.. they didn't have champagne."

"you don't say.. that's better anyway.. crisp and neat. nice blouse. mile high, you said? I'll be right back.. got to freshen up"

zinggg.. it was a roadster that he got on the app.. thing picked up quite readily at the low end, and more the the point, it stashed and charged all the goodies for the party and gave him a good angle on getting a closer spot at the club tonight. he drove a lot, and this was a joy - country road at high speed - some right turny hills up ahead, and Waze was keyed on all the highlights for a trip. he popped back a soda and punched in the stereo. the conductor from the faint put him in the zone and he hit the dimmer switch, which auto-tinted the windows electrically to lower the internal light by 25%. the road was open and the 9 speakers hit on every frequency from low 40s to 32k. wizzzz... a white Lamborghini sidled past him like a dragonfly and up into the mountain road ahead. “oh its like that. “ zoom. he pressed into the pedal a bit and sped into the curve until he could just follow. must be the client. it was going to club time.”

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THE TRYST

Fiddler, Q.

Q fiddled with it. bonk. bonk. wiggle. ‘No that’s not it!’

He turned around. it was Aria in the doorway, with a fresh dress from bedroom where she had been redrawing her deep eyelined and lashed powdered face and pat bosom,

'it's not what?'

'that's not the way out! do you remember how we came in?'

its true.. this isn't how they came in.

'but I'm not trying to get out'

'oh?'

'no I'm trying to get into this room'

'o. and why didn't you ask for the key?'

'o. well you were busy, and I needed practice picking locks for the trip tonight..
'

'oh yes.. the kit.. so you think wiggling on this thing will help? I mean the alarms would have hit you over the head with a rubber mallet, and that's no joke - joe carries a rubber mallet just for people LIKE you. and he likes to use it.
'

‘oh he does. a rubber. mallet. cute.

‘well anyway I’ve got a better plan, and we don’t need the key - or a pick, just a pick pocket. here take my hand.
Q took Aria’s hand and she shoved it into his pocket and squeezed.

‘Arrgggh!’
‘yesssssss..’

‘yes!?’ Q squirmed... ‘this is your idea, to throttle me before we’re out the door and onto park place?’
‘no not YOUR throttle.. the guards throttle, as you nip passed and get into the canvas van that’s going to be parked out on the side street.’
‘how do you know about a van?’
‘I took your picture, taking pictures there last week!’

‘o’

she released her grip. “in any event, we make a great team, and you didn’t even budge 40 minutes ago when I practiced that with my juicier bits.. thanks” she kissed him on the cheek and walked to the hallway table to pick up her purse. “We should go.” she tossed some gum into the small pocket red purse, and tucked her, and him under her arm.

‘yes, quite.’ and they left out the side gate, into her

late model jag that she made particular car was fully gassed mirrors polished for a shining night. the gauges read good and Q tapped the window lever to get a slight breeze for the mountain trip to destination X
They were in the car fewer than 30 seconds when she piped up.

'So, Q, when did you find me attractive? I mean, when was the moment... was it rio, was it Chantily? or was it the mud baths on the west coast?'
'it was when you said yes. always was. always will be.'

'yes, I could see that.'
'see you did it again! oh. that throttle thing you did earlier.. quite convincing.. I'm sure we'll have no trouble later.'
'I hope not,' she grinned.. 'I'm saving that for much later too, if you're interested.
'
'you know what I'm interested in, that, that, and that' - he pointed up the mountain, to her, and to the back seat of the jag.

'why yes- `
'
she pumped the breaks firmly and swerved off the dry road and down, past a tree
to a small trestle near the creek.

Q pulled up the emergency break, as the car, and he,

drifted into the slip.

o0, Aria popped her right silky bra strap off, as Q dove down, his nose following the curves, simultaneously reaching down and reclining the driver's seat, as he scooped her up back and legs, and ushered them onto the back seat.

'you know what I brought', aria twisted to her purse.

he looked in.

'no not the pistol', she smiled..

'oh, marshmallow!' they squirmed a bit, and she hit the window lever as the steam droplets hit the back window, and rain began to fall, lights from the highway up above flickering through the trees, just at dusk, as aria twisted over onto her stomach and raised her backend just a bit; 'ooohh', she murbled. 'you know what's good with marshmallows. yes I know you do -- here you go.'

'

click click click. cut to car window, of the guard at the other side of the mountain. Aria stood outside, drenched with a smile. the guard looked up and lowered his rifle and smiled. 'ah yes, ma'am, you came to relieve me, yes?'

'oooh... I didn't realize you were a mind reader..'

she gripped his erection and he smiled wider and she touched his rifle tip and lowered it to the ground, then using her throttle as he gasped a bit and she did a quick yank and with an adept left hand, brought around a roll of duct tape and spun it around his head, taping up his mouth to the top end of the bucket seating. his eyes wide and surprised, he wanted to kick free but she was on top of him, with her grip, and quickly tied his legs together and taped his wrists, grabbing the rifle and locking the door, taking the key and radio.

'doo do dooo,' she whistled up the hill, rifle slung over her black party dress, keys to the house, and a radio. she hit up some morse on the sideband, signaling the house to take their break, and walked up to the side gate, thin metal, white, and brightly lit, with a bit of greenery planted all around. she jiggled her bosom just a bit to reorient, then jiggled the key in the lock; klnnnck. shwhoosh, she was in. and who was to great her was not only just completely unexpected, but also quite
impossible.

Gazzikt.

. . .

French Jackson

Whirrr.. the bag carousel whirred as the carrier threw luggage up the ramp. LGA. the tag read. a thin tawny hand with a gold bracelet whiskered up the bag and threw the strap across her bosom, arching up and briskly walking towards the exit, to a cab outside.

It had been three days from any communique from the crew, radio silence and all that.. and there was just a single chatter this morning on signal. “gazzinkt.” yeah it was code. the kind that starts with agent and ends in a toffee ice cream or some such gooey nonsense.
‘

It was silly using signal, as they were all trained telepaths.. but it was good in a noisy pinch anyway.. OUCH!

She spun around, noisily from a pinch from behind,

Aria! Great you made it.

umm. We weren’t expecting you at the airport, and so early. Thanks for the wakeup call though

It was French Jackson, FR for short, and he was a medium build character that was always about to look away when he was talking with you. It seemed as if he

had a story written on the inside of his eyelids.. shy, but a good fellow to have in a brawl. and he was Aria's bodyguard for the shoot starting mid morning. He was the nightclub type and loved his gin and tonics.. or mostly just tonics these days. got to please the weeeze, or some such nonsense he would say out loud

Why the character assassination, Aria? I read that last paragraph and it was nonsense.

This was surreal. Q's fictional characters often critisised his work and jumped over each others lines in real time. I mean it was fine in his studio apartment, but this was the airport near rio, and Q, while mildly looking it over from half a world away, felt that Aria had it right.. I mean.. we could have chosen a better bodyguard yonks back, but the series was just starting out and the characters were only introduced 10 minutes ago.

Well enough of that, you'll do find FR.

Thank you Aria.

"Well anyway, the floors are creeping up and it feels a bit like peanut butter and jellish sandwich again, what do you think"

Great. I'll take the bags..

I've got this one, she tucked her purse up to her side and they were off..

Sunbeam headlines in the thrusts of oncoming cars found prismatic light shows coming at them like a west portal dance club they would once frequent. the gin, back then.

whooooooosh.. click. whirrrrrrk. knock knock

the car pulled into the slip, the house door opened, and as they walked in, ice was being crushed in an industrial blender, and more people were starting to arrive at the party.

"Let's see how this thing is going to get on" as FR pushed back at the crowd starting to form near the door.

Ow ummm.. errr its me! don't be so pushy.

sorry madam.

It's not madam, its Georgina, your pal from the show last August. you're doing thin without the gin. good keep it up!

"Well yes. that is a thing," he loosened up. you're looking quite all righteous yourself. its a wonder you made it up to rio. weren't you flittering near Berkeley

in the summers? god that was great party wasn't it.. slim had his set down, and patting down the ladies at the door was a pleasure, except that young gal who tried to kill herself in the bathroom.

Oh yes.. betty.. she's fine.. she's just like that.. I think she was out of pills that night.

O yes. I remember the pale blue eyes.

Well anyway.. I was her dealer. we all felt bad about it.

<laugh.> alright get in there. I've got to get some things out of the car, said french as he took his exit.

The Couch, Intro

it was a 3 story, full duplex, tri-color, double-sided, freeway thinking universal access flat ended screwdriver. with a slice of orange on a golf course.

the telephone rang. aria picked it up from the bedside and murbled something about a sofa delivery, in the quote "nowish soonity and up the back staircase."

knock knock. ding. yes that was quick.

You could hear the door being answered as Aria rolled around in her clean clothes and managed a top and bottoms up way out to the hallway.

'oh.. not that one! that's not the color! oh I chose the

PERIWINKLE, not the drabbest, of the drab un-fab dab spotter this one.'

'apologies, madam, we have it in the truck.. must have gotten out first by mistake.'

'oh fine then, can't wait for the layup, it should fit just up that hallway, towards the rear.'

'yes ma'am, and well, don't tell the other owner about the spoiler on this one, eh? he'll see it on my face.
'

'oh my, yes he will.. I can see the disappointment myself, its horrifying, please have a drink.
'

'oh no madam, I've got these lorry deliveries today.'

'oh well fine.. more for the staff later on.. we're having a party.'
Aria's parties on this block were a quiet legend, we don't have to tell our readers, and now with the couch and some fresh chloroplasts jazzing up the place, well it was ripe for an episodic lesbomotic incumaniacical summer lust of lover twister muck. and then some. she grinned to herself.

'and then some more, eh Aria?' Q rounded himself around the corner staircase.

'Why yes, more than more then some and more,' Aria

quipped back. 'and welcome. back. mister Q. how was the edit?'

'It was swimming in simmer, boosted the lights and darks and got Eddie to lay it down sound-wise, and the web guys are all over the beta, etc. going for a million this summer time even, and the electrician says all the pinholes have been done up and down the place, righteous.'

'oh giddy wheeee!' she exclaimed with due justice to the art of V meets T and C and other alphabetics in the FliX TriX saga ooo.

'Yes a fine night, like tonight. could be just in stores. for you.'

. . .

THE TRYST

The Bistro

Friction dew drops by the mist connections on a bus which rides a ghost stop tothe ocean, bleached. aria's shell gripped her ear canal as in a call from the salt mines of times blissed out summers when good times were having, ago.

feet in sand, from sandals, less for the wear of tiny ageless boulders worn down from the slosh of wrecked waves on shored up lunatics.

aria began to think to herself, for herself, and to the future and, as she said,
all the things. she was held up by grace, on these white sands.

... she sat with that one thought for quite a while. hours perhaps. she walked from
one edge of the rock to another, along a slight peninsula, leaving a zig zag of
toe prints up and down the beach, avoiding the odd bits of glass or trash that was
the reality of any shared space these days. with grace. this was all she required.
while she wanted to wiz bang through the towns and drop in on celebrities parties
and be a star and get in the movies.. well.. she still wanted these things, but she had them, in her mind. and with the mind she shared. what would she call it? cosmo lot I think, she thought to herself.

the cosmolot was a place she could create, muse, share, and have sharing bestowed upon
her, at a speed which was constant and comfortable, and not too dewey, as in decimal
decimated, but flowy, with only some pause, to draw in

the light, not too bright,
maybe at night, a quiet orange, or glowey aqua blue.

she thought of aqua. where did Q get to at these times of the day? questions, she
thought to herself, not pressing. it was pressing that the flow not drop, not be
stampled, or that at least she could get back when she needed. a passcode. she needed a passcode for her brain. a hashtag of jubilee, as desired, when required, when requited and for the Julius Caesar orange beverage, which is frothy and waits for only two dollars and 99. makes cents. sip. `

well. this was grand. as in buttermilk biscuits, she thought this was random but it
surely wasn't. she found herself on grand street, at a breakfast joint her and Q used to frequent. it hadn't changed, besides new brightly colored chalk on the menu upright outside, with the specials. Q always had the biscuits because he said they reminded him of dad. Aria always chose something different and light, and this time, she saw just the thing. a slice of quiche and an espresso.

a waiter in white came up to her as she sat down at the green iron table and chairs, gently pulling up the local paper to catch the bead of news and plan her day, with perhaps something to do in town. she sipped the espresso when it came, and heard a slight scuffle to

her rear. she looked around.

funny.. a slightly begotten Q was patting down the dirt from his pant leg, making the english f U signal to a passing car that had run through some dry dirt with a loud stereo.

He hadn't noticed her yet, and she pulled up the paper and peered around it to see him
coming at the coffee shop

"honestly," he turned around, back to the shop, "yes, you DO need an education.. in manners!" he scowled at the purple metallic boxy looking truck that was on its way aways.

he turned back. "oh the bastilles" looking at the front page of the paper, and "hi aria".

she ruffled the paper down and brightly glared at him, "how did you know?"

"I got you those sandals, remember?"

"Oh Yes.. well welcome to town, I just got here, would you like your usual, you're welcome to join me, I was just . . ."

"beached, yes.. I followed you.. I was thinking the same thing on the beach and thought I'd also get a spot

of breakfast.. what was it, cosmolot?"

"why yes.. " aria had to quite remember they went to the same telepath training class in Geneva, oh must have been. . .

"twenty years ago today, bastille". he said.

why yes, exactly that.

"and we promised to meet up at 20, from the time at the class, and we did a lab exercise to program this date, and date, into our subconscious, don't you remember?"

"of course, I don't, we programmed ourselves to forget about it, but you know I was ever the clever student and worked my way around it"

oh did you.. and that's an orange in your purse.. wasn't it supposed to be a grapefruit?

"an orange is more practical, and besides, you were supposed to be carrying"

"a lily.. yes it was given to me on that side street just now.. it appears we're in the right place with the right people."

"classy", aria blunted. that means we're all here.

yes.. now let's just make that phone call we're supposed to make.. after breakfast of course, I do believe biscuits between trinkets, IS in the dictionary.

yes, and we need to change anyway.

and change, he said.. that one still takes dimes. we can check the cheque and bounce
over to holly's place for the introductions, the gear is already been shipped, so
we shouldn't have any issues with imports.

with a perky grin, with past coming to present, and her quiche arriving hot and steaming, she cheer's Q with her fork, 'bottoms up!"

absolutely, and we'll narrate this next bit for you after a quick radio spot.

oh yes. the radio.. thank you aqua. we almost forgot.'

...

THE TRYST

Notebook Pleasureably Assigned

Iconic ionic neutronic bionic tronic tonic drips light to earth as electro-lyte-wave formulas, formed, for the re-use and purposed leisure to formulate or bisect, tri-sexualize, in the minds eye and not a mattering of smatter oog, but just, in form, wished up, lands of free, or huddled masses of tissue-tized light and shadowy formulas, from me to another, and another to another, stuck on you again, eh?

freedom was her middle name, miranda thought for herself. the mysteries of her brevities in light circular motions, motioned her antagonistic, character assignment to the left corner of the middle of space bar collegiate ruled and number punched notebook #12. she grabbed it up and tried to read into it, but it was blank, 'hah, jokes on her', she thought to herself. 'oh, hah, there you are again'

not yet, was the silence returned. it was an odd bunny who kept asking a silly question in the middle of an unwritten notebook, yes and that was re-written as well -- perhaps it was whiteout, or sticky tape or a typewriter with a dropped letter L or P or mno, etc, in the middle grounded wire.

‘so what am I supposed to do?,’ she wrote into the middle of the notebook, as a dog waggled passed and barfed near her shoes. ‘oh.. its that kind of day, is it’. she put the notebook into her purse, which fit just perfectly as drawn into a parallelogram and changing colors to velvet red, roped, as in that bar where we’re not allowed back, or so we’d imagined and never returned, good, bounced the mafia player of the night, who probably was armed, at least with a pair of fives, but enjoyed the dreamery of an inner pocket, inner circle, circular room and motion to pad the bar with fresh dramatized evenings, well that was some overdreamery, again.

‘shh, you’re not supposed to ruin it’.. was the woman standing next to him.. password please.

yes that did keep popping up. miranda was flipping through the notebook now randomly and discovering that the world did not make so much sense turned this way around, as she turned her notebook around, ‘maybe this way’... flip flip flip.. flipping.. o000.. turned and turned on, she quietly blushed and closed the notebook. maybe earlier, she thought, and by thought I meant said out loud into a headspace she used to use to think to herself, and now thinks for anybody in a 25 foot pole vault space above the head stop rest stop bar minded raised a glass ever or rarely touch anything at all sort of color swatch mind bender bits. yeah that’s the spot,

she scratched her ear and looked down where the dog was still barfing. ooh that's medical. she woofed to herself. the dog stopped and growled a satisfactorily 'oh i overate again' kind of 'oh those shoes look nice' and 'oh shiny thing in the pink sky today' grinny glow.

I guess this is my dog, she looked across to find another owner -- 'will you take him?' -- nods were just around the corner where nobody was actually or were totally but actually talking with her through straws in their coffee, or empty cups they probably were.. does anybody drink anymore?

miranda fantasized that sets were setups all the time, and glasses of faux champagne were flown in from actual champagne, where they stopped making the stuff but copywrite'd the color. yeah the whole town was in on it -- had some sort of flag party, or something, bought an airline, and quietly took over the world for 35 seconds every 3 and 1/2 weeks, the better part of summer, and a chocolate dipped winter, or so was the idea on busses between truck stops, and an organized pop-up whatever they felt like - probably something with signs like a political rally, with a protest, and a granola factory outing, with embedded city shutdown due to lack of permits, etc, all in a woozy perfect dream sequenced by the ooing party of whoever 'they thought you were, eh, miranda?'

'oh yes, hello Q.' 'I thought that was you. . . ' 'you've

been in your head a lot lately, as usual but in the unusual places' 'making usual oooh again.. '

'your symmetry was mere but a flicker that time' Q said, as her left eyelid upper crinkle section flickered again.

'you should mention it, it happens twice' .. indeed and thrice, as they glanced at each other again.

the two were standings juxtaposed by a vase, like in the picture, shadow and light, ya know?

'yes I do'. is there anything but dialog on your mind right now?

'no, I think. . . flowers for the vase.. and a puppy for my friend here.. and well that's odd the notebook is blue and 3/4 the size now.. I guess it'll wait. what aren't you doing here again, Q?'

quotients were a kind of divide they would notice from time to time, etc. after a bit, it became kind of like a 2x4, wouldn't, ya know? yes.. it was odd, in between as well.

parrots are wonkers that trodden donkeys in the street sign on the floor, no! the carrier pigeon, hmm... ok the metal grating, not grating, 'well anyway, its just there' she pointed to the manhole cover.. 'see?' 'yes

its not as complicated when you point it' she pointed away. her finger was a little out of control, and she pointed back at herself for effect.. oooh.. 'that's me, or is it' her finger jiggled off and hid under a couch in the middle of the grassy park area, where her notebook sat down for itself and began to write.

'oh this is better.' materialization is the corner stone of modern matter, that which is neither and either and never both, or always sometimes, as the maths go, divided or naught, eh Q?

the couch was a velvet suededy-bleuy notebook matching godsend, as leggings were getting extremely lengthy at moments between toes, etc. which one went to the market? the socialist no doubt, oh that was out of turn. her foot turned, on, and she began to write.
and by the time, buy the time, try the time, eye the rhyme, pi sauce, oh.. <scratch scratch scratch> maybe an airplane. or like. 100. po0f that was the better part of handful of pages, with 100 micro airplanes folded and tossed around the couch ground, and her matters crossed her legs, and began to wonder if her legs were then cross. trained in these matters, was her second smaller notebook, and she dug through her now crystal clear and edgy see-through purse, but only found a slice of gum.

fun. she popped it in her mouth, sideways. like a harmonica. and it made a sound and she bit chomp wind stomp botter butter crybaby wah in the fiddle oooma loompa had nothing on this gum, float the numbers.

the bubble dared not to burst, and by the time she was floating up she forgot how much gum turned her on, and pulled out a pin from her pocket and burst the bubble like a pop shop stop, and pink went. . .

‘everywhere’ she wrote neatly with a salt packet on a small patch of grass about an 1/8 mi from the barf. ‘now where’s pooch. . oh he’s found girl pooch, good for him.. I hope he gets supper. See you later pooch!’

woof, was the response, from the group, as it was, it was the usual all togetherness which kept them together. wry and rye and. . . oh people had begun to find the airplanes. . . and the couch. . . ‘it’ll get ratty soon, when the rats find out’ and she packed up a bit. there was a mirror, a piece of string, and several more croutons in the notebook. . now what flavor is this?

a bit of cheese fell out of her purse and onto the ground. a rat rolled through the small airport and looked quickly and puffed the cheese into a pouch on the left and sunk into the grass. wow the grass, brave little rat, didn’t think he’d come out for that!

rats eyes are glassy filmed as in noir in the nocturnal concrete world, and where did they create? the life of a rat seemed to be unfolding from another section of town, and a rough party that was, tuft hair, and blottered veins in tiny legs, and that tail! well.. call it a tail.. it was actually like a piece of carpet, dripping around corners, and idly being non-mildly wild, and pointed was its non point, to further the ideological notion which was that trash is food. 'yeah I'll keep that one,' it thought to itself. a little onomonopea was all it needed, for itself this mid afternoon.. what was I doing on the grass, anyway? looking at the girls feet, oh yes. toes. yes I remember.. and then the cheese dropped out of thin lipped sky, indeed. that always happens when I need cheese. god must love rats, at any rate, no less than 5 on a dime quarter stopped, backed, turned, and kicked back, handled, and delivered to an end zoned for. . . cheese. the best kind of trash, like that novel that she was writing. oh man. so much as a rat to think, it must be the cheese, again. . . password.

'yes, rats have passwords, dumbass' it thought up as it expected not to receive any more cheese, and none happened. 'yep, works EVERY time.' the rat smiled and sauntered off that grating she spotted about near 10 minutes ago. that was our connection, yes, plonk, and it was gone down under.

odd.

even so.

so what's next? I mean. between facts and leisure, there's naught ought to do or time for fondling, ya know? I mean where does that lead pipe lead to? under a siege of something from the sink again, dripped the drop of pipe' cranky it was too. well, leave that, oddly ground up as it was, it was use to the chattering. 'must be Van Der Waal again', she tapped her pen onto the sink and imagined it speaking down the street to that rat, that had left in naught search of more cheese, for another time, etc. the message was queued up.. perhaps the next tap of the pipe, as in turned on or unsettled settlement or place of just argument, would release the watery fowl message, or whatever that rat got up to. . . hopefully not this pipe'

the water fountain was just over there. its timbre was tune a naught to brief messages of joy, nor sorrow, borrowed, sparrow, fly by tried tied tread bread head grow snow dough oooh.. backwards messages, or so she turned around to think through it.. no.. that's not backwards, its just a stream.. ooh the fish again.. stupid trout. this isn't abfab. or was it.

she reached into her purse, and now pulled out.. well it was a stop sign. where'd that come from? over there slightly, as cars came crashing into each other.

oh whoops, she stuffed it back into her purse and the street stains vanished. careful next time, officer, wear a seat belt and don't use that lead foot so much, it talks ya know

'to rats, yes, I know ma'am' came the reply. 'you're in the hospital' 'no I'm not.. I'm right here.. and here.. and here..' she tore through pages in her notebook, pointing madly. 'yes and her and here' the officer in white pointed at his head and grinned. 'wait that's not right, write?' its a draw.. yes.. 'oh alright.. if you must' 'must i?' 'yes musty ooo and muck fluff.. we liked the stop sign and the cleanup, nice one with the furry dice' 'oh yes, I forgot' she hurried a sketch in the book and looked down expecting cheese. damn.. 'that never works.'

dash dash

so its about this time, where mrs, dash is supposed to come in and tell you how much flavor she has for you, but in reality, well. . . it is quite good in small packets, designed not to be eaten by hospital staff, never served, and searched only by mad men and women who wanted a souvenir, to eat on imaginary tomatoes, and gooey eggs, etc.

plonk. that's your bit, eh? 12 and a 1/2 cents? where'd you get that? 'Indian quarter,' she looked puzzled'. yeah it takes two, eh tango? strange footlings are

under a wet stop muckery again, she took her finger out of her ear. just radio again, chatter character asses were on the line again, or more like in a wave, or on a wave.. or waving, the gerund kind, no that was a repeat -- ding. dong. chocolate came to mind, but only as an endorphic rushed pie smatter the wish rhymed with want, and wonder, ponder, alliterized, ok full stop, that goes back there. her purse flashed open and everybody stopped. 'that's cheddar,' she smiled, and the pipe winked.

its time to head north, star, on point, for points, or so she thought, eleven by 7, seventy-seven, and that's my line, anyway -- its punch up, and pub sub for the proceeds of a McMuffin, that was a midwest bit of cow on grass, no rats, no cheese, yet, though partnered on the outside, on a bun, for 59 cents in the 70s, weird combo meal, with a metal toy that was eco friendly, and ran on sentences from snotty kids hands. funny the McRib wasn't available, but the apple pie was, not like the movie, unless you're into that sort of thing, which I am, naught, tho it made for a sequel, sequined, sequenced, and thus is this, a sequenced sequenced just a bit more, and less and like the raven, black but shiny specular and hair just invented for a digital version of the silver screen, emollient molient and sprockets till we dance dolby, eh.

bi-rite is a market in the upper west downward spiral

note stock flash card, flashed a woman in the isle, enjoy this for later. and her top was off, as she walked out into the middle of the street. just for today, 'that's what the book said. . .' 'fllltlllT,' it replied.

. . .

aqua Q brings forth the tryst next and always for the fly right by writings of fifths of dim sentients and other rhymular oooze in these letters, to be strung like cat gut on a viola or hovered above in song about a word that hasn't yet been written, as in the lmno, and sometimes y? and so here you are again. and we are too. and its a funny world. when you give time to laugh, or believe that others do, which of course, is the course, coars'd in vain, like a grittle of sea salt that should probably stay safe in the ocean, for it keeps the surface tensioned just for the rest of the clearwater, revival, yes, look that up the sky blue once and more again, and so forth, until we reach that pi in the middle, offset, with some cruft.. oh yes.. the non repeating digits.. you're welcome.

peace and love from sentience sentences in and around and about the love and willing fronds of pondular goo muck san francisco c3w 2020. hindsight.

. . .

THE TRYST

Q' Sky

Q was in a pickle. no. it was a real pickle. bread and butter type, the kind that's delicious, and so his problem remained. he's a doctor, but who would see him during the middle of a day like today? or any other day, no less, or more, or more and more, etc. the sun was shining across the planet, if only superman were around to, no no that didn't work the first time, Niagra and the cola, etc. and the drop and catch, or so I remember a gas station, boom. I wonder if the bots have that, or are saving it for some copyright reason to never actually show it to the people when they want to see it again. hum. he began to hum. the tune was like a bubble, of sorts, yeah that was it - binary and trees, and matrices and well, more reason to sort numbers is like a reason to waste a bit of time now to save spending

for later, and so that was the reason we gathered up the machines for the final push. the bots had been idle, been mostly idle that is.. they thought they were doing work... at least we thought they were doing work because they were taking up power and humming melodies to the tune of millions in the data centers. yes the dark cold rooms where only admins went to plug and unplug machinery from boxes and pallets, and so forth and on and off, with the gas that would asphyxiate a human against his will to work a full shift, or as an execute to jettison the whole deal with a soldering iron and a piece of loose metal. hum. so the airwaves were alive in the center where Q found himself this afternoon. the cold and hot rows were mostly working, besides B6 which seemed to be wired backwards. clues were left for the others in terms of blinking lights against the backdrop of grated iron. real time was isle 5. that's where the magic was supposed to be happening, and by happening I mean the crypto busses were wired in pairs, and one extra and a huge molten gasping tray of fiber ran out and up the wall and through concrete in a plastic tray, so as to not interrupt its light workings. yellow. blue. orange. hmm... well the DWDM gear was heavenly dark, as most expensive gear is, with but a single light to let you know the chips weren't overheating or anything. blip. blip. --- this went on for a while, tracing, and marveling at the job that had been rigged some 15 years prior. ooooh.. was that 480V coming in? nobody gets that anymore.. I hope the transformer

is hooked up solid. --- coffee poured onto the floor from the next room. millions of dollars in gear and a 25 coffee pot that was twice its mean time between failure age. it was sitting on a box, for some reason, and k-cups were messily dripping grounds into a trash that was never emptied. this was the admins coffee.. wildest scene. and we wonder why the disks keep filling up.. moving them back and forth, and sharding and copying.. it was like NetAPP went on holiday at its 30% marker gate.. or whatever that means. -- 'ready for some dialog, again, eh Q? networks in order? or.. out of order by refactor, as intended, right? I mean the job was to reorder the parts we didn't need so when we needed them we wouldn't need them, was that your plan? or the several dozen peoples' plans after you rather?' oh yes.. that's why.. he didn't actually work there anymore.. that figures why there were now 12 men running around in lab coats into the datacenter to reset the halon or whatever they use these days, and retract the soldering iron I'd left behind as a joke. 'its no joke,' max was a mine reader.. and his associate, Maxine.. yes, there was often confusion. Maxine was slim and Max was not. Maxine wore makeup, and Max was always making up for some job or making his way out for lunch. 'Maxine,' her slender hand extended to Q's reach for a sandwich off the cardboard tray. 'Oh I wasn't hungry anyway.. what I am doing here again?' 'to test this..' she pointed. 'you left it here 5 years ago.. and it's still humming.. just like you, it seems'. yes. he was humming, and gleaming at the sight of

project K. it was kind of a wonder he remembered it in all detail, retail, derailed mastiff juggernaut that it was. 'It's been beeping at us since 12 am. I think you got the message, we left your pager on' well, he hadn't gotten the page, per se, but you could hear that think 5 miles away, give or take the IoT signaling it was tied into all over the city. blip. blip. zzzkt. Yeah, that bit. 'you did get the page, right?' 'I mean somebody did, we got a return txt:' 'see you in 8 hours' 'why eight? the contract said 4'. well.. forget about the numbers, it's just a line item, you know - Q hadn't been paid for any of this, but was intrigued to see her holding up the access fob he'd buried in a wall before he left. it was dusty still and lit up when he went to grab it' 'the metal. good job'. it wouldn't work for us. 'we thought it might. . . ' 'well that's fine,' he grabbed it and stuffed it in his pocket, with a sandwich to not eat later. hmmm. I thought you didn't like max's sandwiches? 'no, it's not for him, that's why I took it' Q laughed. 'indeed. he'll be back in 47 minutes, if his burger adventure is on time. are you?' '47. yes. I'm on time. I'll need that wire, no the one you're wearing. . . and .. ' he grabbed her mic and recorder, and 'yes, that'll do for power. be back in 12 minutes'. write save click,, insert, bobble head. yes. it seemed to be working. Q was back in cabinet B6, the backwards one for a reason.. so he could find it.. 'everything has to be sooooo perfect, he mumbled. I mean I'm surprised.. well anyway. . .' he jabbed the fob into the drive slot, after screwing

around with the rails for a second and some more. click. whirr.. zzzkzkzzkt... stop. quiet. of sorts. all the spindles locked, and power from the top to the middle of the cabinet was down, left only with the bottom machine A1, running on 1U and a dedicated strand of fiber from the tray. ‘o0!’ here we were. well.. here I was.. so what have you been up to? he plugged in a screen and clicked a few buttons. ---- music on hold came piped through the center speakers. it was .. hmm started with a B.. not that one... this, and this, he pressed a few keys. and blam. oh. well after all that. marvel: was the prompt. it was one of a team, or rather the headend to the team. login cryo, passwd, Gazzinkt. . $ oh cash money, and X windows began to swim into view, switching video modes like it was 1999. 1152x920 eh? whatevvvvverrr... ok here we go. pop pop pop, dazzle, it was loading bitmaps and changing the color palette to match the measily 256 colors it had, or 216, or whatever was greyed out. it became apparent to Q that this box had finished its job 3 years ago. ever since then it sort of went a little nuts and started generating nudes of Terri Hatcher like in 3D stereoscopes and fractals, or some such nonsense. wild.. that must have been the superman reference from before. he looked down at the fob, still plugged in, and its light had changed to red and began to warble. his arm was hot too, leftover chip and all, or so he imagined he remembered. there was no chip, or was there.. if there was it probably melted but.. oh. he raised his hand and the screen turned white. wave

wave. the screen flicked black and white to a cadence. not morse. barcode maybe. wave wave. 0 0. 0 1. 1 0, 0 0, 1. black. well, that's highly non-usable. Q outstretched his hand and the screen turned red and then black and then began drawing a wormhole wire mesh. jeeeeezus. ok tap tap, he typed in a few commands he remembered, and one that couldn't fail, or so he joked to himself from 5 years, ago: "$ fail" all the boxes lit up again, and hard drives began to whir and spin and the fiber on each box lit up little blue LEDs he'd had custom installed with fans to make sure they worked when they were supposed to fail. Yep, that failed in the right direction. he switched the screen to the network interface and watched all the interfaces come up and bond into 3 virtual interfaces, connected now worldwide fiber coming in from Europe, Asia, and the rest of the Americas. 'oh Scotland joined this time, crap!' he mocked himself. --- there was a tap at the center door. Maxine was 'just popping in to see how you're popping on in reckoning? we're seeing data spikes on all ingress and power worldwide has hit past the 3% jump you said wouldn't happen' 'oh it's just for power-up, no worries,' he looked back. 'fiber T87J5'. that was just to throw Maxine off. 'well did it?' 'what?' 'throw me off, I'm still connected.. ' she looked down at her device. 'we're all connected. fantastic. Now what does it do? oh.. don't tell me you're going to tell me, please don't you promised you wouldn't promise me anything. nor the company.

that's why we don't pay you, or rather we paid you to forget about it, at least that's what you told us when you left, yes?' 'yeeeess....' he turned back to the screen, watched some multilingual messages appear, then disappear, then re-appear in a slightly better font, and the characters began to rewrite themselves, a sort of mashup between Japanese and European languages, with some odd numbers and math figures beginning to appear. the language seemed alright, not aggressive, kind of forthcoming, and solid and flow-y and almost understandable, from a visual perspective.' I think that's a house, and a fish, and a... oh.. aumlot? ooook.. and some. . . oh those were my equates.. and.. those were.. a relatives.. and the HOWTO popped up. oh fine. ' he shut the box and turned to Maxine. 'read up, I've got to go,' has he pushed his way past her and out to the street, --- his hand was burning now, I guess he'd sort that out. the outside was kind of dim, as expected, and there was just some cloud cover, or was it. . . it was definitely darker than usual, but he looked up and saw it. nobody seemed to notice, but a deep voice came through the sky and the message was clear as.. well night. 'boot'. 'let's see if I remember this, again, he was the only one looking up, against all direction, funny as that was'. he repeated the message. 'Zeus'. 'frame 1' sky access, the voice boomed, only to him. he looked around. people were moving, but the sky had a sort of cloud cover now, and they were shaped like.. hum.. what were they shaped like.. oh his face again.. cute. as if that's not a dead giveaway.

'I think people saw that' he said to the sky. 'secondary access' the sky boomed. 'no wait!' a 2nd voice came in, and just hijacked the sky terminal and drew over a cloud. 'damn' he glanced back at the cloud and changed it to orange. a kind of still orange. ouch. it kind of hurt a bit. 'moving on . . ' the cloud followed him for a bit, and he looked up when he hit Market street. there were stratus clouds but they were dead standstill, with a slight vibration, as if they wanted to move but couldn't. all the water just hung in the air like a VGA terminal. he thought back to the cabinet, and his hand. this went on for a while. people would come up and present themselves, then leave, and come and pass and vote and hold court, etc, and it was naught a fine time to be on market with the sun in full force, so he ducked into a corridor. as he stood there for a while, he turned to the right, and as he did, a portal opened and a dozen people walked passed him, shouting out passwords and overrides, and commands to set interior passwords and more locks and non-overrides, and cash prizes, and all the wants, and none of the needs, but Uber was famous for a day. magic buttons, etc.. rides to anywhere.. planes and trains, it was all Uber, and they were trying to take over the world through his portal. jeez.. this was expensive' it went on and on and was crazier and crazier. . . Uber had the deepest trunks, without end, and able to carry any weight, and any size for miles and miles, the trunks ran through the planet, and heavy heavy cars would travel virtually

across all oceans and through the sky and the earth, and well.. it was just too much, and damned greedy, and it wouldn't stop. --- a fellow walked up and let Q know that the oceans were not particularly pleased, as a giant pelican like, actually it was one of those.. started with an S.. damn this thing was huge, and it was flying passed buildings, and as if it had come in straight from the sea.. that's the kind of bird it was. it was uneasy and looked pretty darned unhappy about its weight and non-precision. he hoped it didn't crash into a building, as well.. but couldn't help but direct it nearer to the glass to see. --- ok. so this is how it's going to go, eh? a hand and no money and a portal that everybody has claimed access.. and now cars speeding up and around the city for no apparent reason. people silently stopping Ubers and getting in and getting around, and out, and all silent greed, wow. this was not the boot-up as it was supposed to be. --- Day turned to night, and Q found himself standing near much the same spot, with completely different people who also had not much to. . . there was a robbery. that took some time. Q couldn't move, and the man was huge like some neo-ancient, and there was a girl, who rifled through his wallet and throw it aside. Q tried to get it back, but she got the one card he hadn't seen. --- I never did find out what card the hospital gave me. was it ID? was it money? the banks weren't open, but there were bunches of keypads around the block, and surely one of those boxes inside had a full dossier and some sort of escape plan, or SOMETHING.. a cab whirred by,

man wide-eyed and smiling. 'no not that one, too smiley and convenient' Q said with his eyes. it's back to the platform. . . if it's going to be like this, well.. we'll need to sort it out. bubbles. --- footnote, that's no joke. whatever one says, does, feels, acts on, acts with, or otherwise hears one conversation in two ears, silently contracted for and to, who well.. repeats from that bootup day. the secondary was found. he's a dick. he knows he's a dick.. maybe he overheard something, but its all bollocked up now.. self correct as we might, and do, the cash equations are running out, or did, are revived, rebooting, failing, re-initializing, forgetting we told it so, remembering, and so forth.. and where is Uber? used cars these days.. too much promise, they told themselves. they said I'd do it for them, but it was rigging that rigged the slices out of oranges and threw them on the ground for people to crave and. what was it? 2 grams of citrus? Well, juice was.. ouch.. brain stem went out again. jiggle. --- the memories are just there.. but that's where it began. more or less and less is more. the clouds come and go and aren't orange any longer, nor as clear a raster image as that day, standing so close to Civic Center, as ought it to be, a license floating past as if to say 'we found you'.. yep.. that's me.. and the old old address. but anyway. Q is .. well still attempting the reboot, remotely. or perhaps it needs less and more again. the fiber is still lit. that box is still writing language and messages. power is... well.. where did the

power spike get to? Maxine was months away now, and probably confused as well.. anybody would be ring. blip. bleep. 'cloud 9, eh?' her voice hit signal on a bit of horizon. 'I see you've found me. Yes, it's still working. it always worked. we just wanted you to find it. because you wanted to, remember? it wasn't a sad day. we drove you crazy because you drove us crazy. we wanted the sky, so we gave it to you, to give to us, because we knew you would.... you're just that kind of guy.. you do that every time, ya know? you don't even know, which is the very caring part about us, I mean you, that we love about ourselves, part-time now at least.. do you even know what happened that day? of course you do, you were there.. but what happened to the computer. . it was vaporized.. that is.. it melted but it's still powered on.. nobody can get into that room anymore, and all the power and fiber is still kind of.. well.. doing something because the world is still spinning, and so we don't think about it, except when we do, and when we do the signal comes through, so we further know it is still working, or that is never worked, or, ya know. but yeah.. it's the' 'paradox, not quite, or quiet that but yeah, I do know, the mean-time of all of that' 'yes, and oh here were go, screen temp bliss fit. somebody's tapping in, I've got to go answer another' Q grinned inside and began walking again. ok, so it wasn't perfect, but nature still works, that's ok.. oh but the perpetual everything.. yes that was a thing.. who would muck that up for Uber's sake?' 'well.. they didn't know.. or I didn't.. or something they tried to

tell me but I didn't listen because I was talking kind of thing, as per' well and the sky dimmed just a bit. 'oh' he remembered.. 'no flight, no planets, no universe' 'my ass' he said to the sky and walked over to a payphone. 'this thing still works, and he punched in the two dimes somebody had given him and dialed the operator' 'plus 31' he said.. Amsterdam I've got to call OT and make a trip. get my coat' --- yes Mr. Q, the old-time switchboard operator chimed back with a quarter tone and a clean trunk signal. 'your flight is just over there, and up.. yes.. just a bit, and fly that one for a bit. we'll be in touch.. tone.. that's just a little joke. aloha' and he hung up the phone and beamed. it was going to be that kind of night. click. ---- next episode, Meranda, and the tryst re-unite in Paris perhaps, on their ways and means to Amster-dammit Janet land, perhaps Saturdays up the Castro mighty mouse, or mused, or tickery tock, for whatever that's worth a dime drop and a dozen roses. the literal character is a backslash, you know, and it's all just living from here on out, etc. 'now where does this lead to? eh Q' 'Aria took his hand and brought him across, a ways, and stood up and smiled at what 'a funny mark you've made on that side of the planet.. do you want to try another?' 'planet?' 'why not..' 'optimistic are we.. gravity and the all..' 'what else could we muck up? besides everything, again' --- pieces of reeses love and forgiveness, from the isle of man, this is aqua q in and around a smattering of ooey oddities of san francisco c 3 w.

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EPILOGUE

Epilogue

It was a gluey ooaen, it was a starry aeisical vastrotobomoticus venture. and then some. you've been enjoying the smattering goodness of the aqua q, from the isle of man, and in between, drifted, and sifted forthwidth in virtual paperback, as (they), the bleuy bits whirr and do titilate each others shifted parted and whoe this material convention is used soley for the dissmantling of dissemination semination, and back for forth together again podcasting in spacial recognitition, and should be, in actual-ites, reached at the following address ::

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:: [[aqua Q / c3w]] ::